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DIVIDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The languishing air to-day is faint
With a burthen of sweet perfumes;
And lazily moves in the scented grass,
And over the clover blooms.

The far-off sound of the bestie's drum
Floats over the dreamy seas;
And shapes itself to the dozy hum
Of the golden-belted bees.

As low and sweet as a lover's vow,
In the wild-bird's tender tone;
And the roses blush on the queenly brow,
Of the dear delightful June.

I sit alone in a quiet nook,
Watching the swift waves flow,
And the voices I hear in the bubbling brook,
Are those of the long ago.

Oh, friend! dear friend of my early days,
Tho' the star of our hope is set,
Tho' our feet do walk in divided ways,
I know thou art faithful yet!

The heart that went from thy shelt'ring love
Hath sought for its rest in vain;
And now returns, like the old-time dove,
To the ark of thy love again.

Oh many a hope, when the grief-winds blow,
Goes down as the ships at sea;—
Care cometh to every heart we know,
But most of all to me!

I look in the faces I dreamed of once,
My children's young and fair,
But I see no look of thy tender eyes,
No gleam of thy golden hair.

Alas! for my lips are murmuring so,
And mine[illegible] they are full of tears,
And my p[illegible] all aglow
With [illegible] lished years.

Yet [illegible] his changeful clime,
[illegible]om,
[illegible]er-time,
[illegible]

REGINA'S RETURN HOME.

REGINA;
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VI.

The blossoms of the rose may flower,
But months are 'twixt its buds and me
I may forget this anguished hour,—
Ay, e'en forget thy treachery!
Yet, can it be?—this saddest parting
Veils my whole spirit like a pall;
And in my eyes the tears are starting—
Thee losing, I am losing all! M. B.

At exactly seven o'clock Clifford dismissed his cab, and rang at the gate. Fresh wheel-marks in the lane, and a collection of boxes and wicker-cases in the lawn, informed him of Regina's arrival, even before the beaming Prudence had time to speak.

"When did they come?" he asked.

"An hour ago; and the dear child has been in a fever of impatience ever since to see you."

"Where is she?"

"I believe at the stables," said Prudence, as she tripped off towards the house before him.

"If you can but find your way through into the study, I will go and tell her," said Prudence, throwing the hall-door wide open. He looked in—another collection of luggage was strewed over the stone floor. Ruth, on her knees before a huge wicker basket, seemed doing homage to some mysterious idol in its shrine. She started up, and came to meet him. The hand she held out was slightly browned, and her pale cheeks had won, from the southern sun, a color like that on the heart of a delicate wild rose. She looked far happier, too, and greeted him almost as gaily and frankly as Regina might have done.

"Well, truant," he said, looking down at her with a somewhat admiring glance—"what sort of greeting do you fancy I shall give?"

"Ah, we have been to blame; but we are going to stay quietly in England now, and you must forgive us. Has Regina made her peace with you?"

"I have not seen her."

"Not! Let me go for her."

"No," he said, detaining her, as she would have passed. "When Saladin and all the rest of the pets have been caressed to their hearts' content, perhaps my turn will come. Regina, you know, believes that the claims of her four-footed friends are infinitely superior to any those may put forward who have the misfortune to go about on two."

In spite of the gaiety of his tone, Ruth read his annoyance with a woman's wit.

"Regina waited till now," she said. "One long hour she has been here; yet she shut herself resolutely into her study, though Saladin was neighing and stamping in his stable, and Prince Charlie was barking himself hoarse in the drawing room, because she would not go to them. You should have come earlier."

"Do not think I blame her," said Clifford, a little soothed by this new version of the tale. "It is only natural, after all."

A light foot came flying up the garden path, and up the hall behind him; a sweet, eager voice cried out, "Oh, Clifford! Clifford!" and, before he could turn around, Ruth vanished like a spirit, and two white arms were around his neck, two warm lips touching his in a way that made him forget all pride, and jealousy, and anger, as if they had never been. He had got his darling back again; and with that heart beating so against that encircling arm, and that voice murmuring such fond, pet names in his ear, he was happy, blest, and cared for nothing else beside on earth!

"Let me look at Macbeth's witch," he said, playfully, when the first joy of the meeting was over. "Show me what you have been doing to yourself." And he held her off at arms' length, as if she had been a child.

Certainly, no face was ever less like the upbraiding picture he had blotted out of existence. Brown, indeed, she was; but the healthy hue of the cheeks contrasted so charmingly with the white forehead and the swan-throat, that he could not find it in his [illegible] The gloomy, [illegible] from her e[illegible], during his [illegible] leased her [illegible] the music co[illegible] own ar[illegible] aught [illegible] then he [illegible] made an ab[illegible] little courtesy, an[illegible] equally absurd military salute.

"Are you pleased with me?" she asked.

"Pleased! Oh, how could you have the heart to stay away so long, Regina? If you only knew how I have longed for you!"

"You really missed me, then?"

"Missed you! I am worn to a shadow!"

"Indeed! A very substantial one!"

"But how could you—"

"'Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe—
Oh, how could you do so!
If it had not been for his gun,
He would not have been undone!'"

She sang, in a gay little voice that made him laugh, in spite of himself. It was, in fact, impossible to be provoked with her, however tantalizing she might be. With two words—with one look—she had made him forget all his vexation of the past three months, and she was forgiven even before she had asked forgiveness. She looked at him with fond eyes.

"I am glad to get home!" was the finale of her song.

"And I am glad to have you here, Regina! If your heart had not been harder than the nether millstone, you would have come to hear me say it long ago."

"The party was so pleasant, dear Clifford! and Ruth is not like the same being!"

"So I perceive. And how often have you quarrelled?"

"Not once; strange as that may sound to you!"

"I dare say you are both black and blue from head to foot with the pinches you have given and received, if the truth was known!"

"Where is your friend, the Earl?" she asked, maliciously.

"Out of town."

"I could have told you that."

"You?"

"Don't look alarmed! I have not been to Tasmania."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"He was in Paris. We met him driving in the Bois de Boulogne."

"What on earth did he want in Paris?"

"Warm weather, possibly!" said Regina, laughing. "If so, he found it. I was nearly broiled!"

"Did he speak to you?"

"He! I should think not! With all his faults, the Earl is not yet quite an idiot!"

"Strange that he should be there!" said Clifford, looking at her very steadily.

"I agree with you. But since I neither told him to come, nor knew of his going, it is unnecessary to take me to task about it! My dear Clifford, you look at this moment precisely like an old picture of Bluebeard, who used to be the 'black man' of my childhood. Do clear away those frowns—they are not becoming!" and she laid her hand lightly on his forehead.

He took it away, and held it fast.

"Well, what now?" she said, a little impatiently, as she saw his grave look.

"Be serious for one moment, Regina."

"At this time it is impossible!"

"I wish to ask a question—only one."

"Well, I will try."

"I have reasons for believing that, had not I have asked for this little hand, Charlemount would have done so!"

"My dear Clifford, you are simply talking in your sleep!"

"On the contrary, I feel peculiarly wide awake! If he had [illegible], what [illegible] you have [illegible]"

"Q[illegible]ht of a c[illegible] except one t[illegible]ld [illegible]which you can for me any day?"

"You actually pre[illegible] a poor author, a man without a name, to an earl?"

"I do, strange as it may seem."

He tried to draw her nearer, but she escaped from his grasp like a stray sunbeam.

"My dear Clifford, we must not stand here billing and cooing thus all the evening. Unromantic as the confession may sound, I want my tea. Will you come? But stop; let me first show you what Ruth has brought home. You will not betray me—it is a secret?"

"I will keep it most faithfully."

"Then take one peep; but be quick about it, for I just heard her door open up stairs."

She lifted the cover, and gave him a glimpse of a glistening robe of snowy satin, and a veil seemingly wrought by the hands of fairies, so exquisite was its texture.

"What in the world is it—a satin gown?"

"A gown! One would think you were talking of a workhouse uniform. That is Ruth's bridal robe!"

"Is she going to be married?"

"Hush! She will hear you if you shout out like that. Yes, she is going to make a goose of herself, as well as I!"

"But when?"

"When—when you and I commit our folly!"

"Who is the happy man?"

"That I cannot tell."

"What! have the female Damon and Pythias any secrets from each other?"

"There are a number of things we say little about, and this is one. I simply know that she loved him long ago, and that he was not very constant. But now he has returned to her. They met in Paris—they have written often to each other, and he is to follow us to England, and claim his bride very soon. Dear Ruth! I am glad she is going to be happy with him at last!"

"And so am I! Since I am going to be so happy myself, I am quite willing that other people should enjoy themselves, if they can."

"What a philanthropist you are!"

"Where is Regina?" said Ruth's voice, at this moment, on the stairs.

Down went the lid of the wicker case, and, while Clifford still stood staring about him, Regina had darted like a spirit to the study door, and put her head out from it, with the most innocent air imaginable.

"Here, Ruth. What have you done with Mr. Clifford?"

Ruth cast suspicious glances at him, as he stood blushing beside the mysterious basket.

"He is in the hall, Regina."

"Dear me! Pray come into the study, Mr. Clifford; tea is quite ready!" said Regina, with grave courtesy, as she motioned him past her to the table.

Half bewildered and half provoked, he gave her a look that nearly scattered [illegible] her composure [illegible] at her right [illegible]ndering silent[illegible] lift the cover [illegible] the profane gaze of all unprivileged eyes.

The meal was a very gay one; [illegible]r Prince Charlie lifted his white head on [illegible]e side of Regina's chair, while the gray cat [illegible] balanced itself on the arm of the other, and rubbed [illegible]be its head, now and then, caressingly against [illegible]. Peter, who had cranked and [illegible] unmercifully at Clifford, during the [illegible] many months, now d[illegible] to accept a bit of sugar from his hand; [illegible] the canaries, beating [illegible] against the glass w[illegible] windows of their home, [illegible] because Regina was [illegible] of welcome. [illegible] It was her pleasure; and Clifford found himself patting Saladin's arched neck, when he was led up to the window after tea, without one particle of envy, though the favorite had robbed him of Regina's first kiss—Regina's first glad welcome! He told her as much when Ruth strayed away from them for a few moments, to dream of her absent lover, as she loitered up and down the lane.

"Where you jealous of poor Saladin?" she asked, with a quizzical look.

"Very! and of the dog, and of the cat—of everything you love, in short!"

"Well, it matters little—but take good care not to go farther!"

"How?"

"Never grow jealous of a human being!"

"I think you will never give me cause!"

"Ah, you believe it, at last!" she said, with a beautiful smile. And, hand in hand, they went dancing down towards the fountain, to watch the sunset. For the last time!

But they knew it not! We never know when that momentous last has come—else, how should we linger over our parting words—how much more fondly, sadly, should we look into the eyes that will never meet our own, with the old, loving glance, again! There is nothing on earth so sad as this unconscious farewell to what we have prized so deeply! No after-parting can be half so bitter—no after-sorrow remembered with a pang half so keen! The sun sets—we are together, happy and beloved! The sun rises—and a gulf lies between us, over which the one may not, and the other will not, pass. Perhaps our "Good-night!" was but a careless one—and now we shall say "Good-night!" no more. Perhaps our hands met but for a moment—and now they will never meet again! Perhaps—for this, alas! is very possible—we uttered some half-pettish word at the very last, secure in the thought that the kindness of the morrow would atone—and that morrow is never going to dawn! Perhaps we went still further—it may be, that our last word was a taunt—our last look, a cold, sarcastic one! We shot a poisoned arrow—we fully intended to draw it out ere long—but the time for such surgery has gone by, and it must rankle in our own breast, to the end of life, even as it rankles in that other! "All over!" "Too late!" "Lost and gone!" What bitter words are those, and yet, how constantly some sad heart is saying them, in the unbearable solitude it has made for itself! If it be hard to watch the grave closing over a beloved form, there is yet peace and comfort in the thought that the cold heart loved us to the last—that the dying eyes looked at us, but a moment before they opened on another world than this—and looked with tenderness, which not even that dread hour could quench. All is over there! But we feel that—

"On that unknown and silent shore,
Sure we shall meet as heretofore
Some summer morning!"

and that "summer morning" not, perhaps, so far away. But these *unfinished* partings—these sudden, unforseen leave-takings—which, because they were so utterly unforseen, could scarcely be called leave-takings at all—these buryings of the dead, who are only dead to us, but living to all others—it is these that are hardest to bear—these that wound the heart so deeply, that when its last faint pulse ebbs and dies away, it is bleeding still! Well was it for that luckless pair that they dreamed so little of the misery a few short hours had the power to bring.

Ruth, walking up and down the lane, and looking at the purple evening sky, was equally oblivious to the possibility of sorrow. More loving by nature than Regina—though perhaps less passionate—her whole soul was filled with [illegible]dreams of that absent one, who, after a long estrangement, had returned to her in such a generous and noble way. Not of his rank and wealth was she thinking so fondly—not of the station she would occupy as his wife—but of the love, the truth, the honor, she had so entirely doubted, and in whose existence it was so sweet to believe once more!

Hark! the quick tread of a horse's hoofs—a horse that lifts its feet in no vulgar way—that arches its head, and moves daintily, though swiftly, onward, with that peculiar haughty grace seen only in a proud steed, or a proud and beautiful woman. It is not the carrier's clumsy animal—it is not the "brewer's horse" [illegible] akin to John Hodges or burley Ralph [illegible]. Tall, handsome, and stately, he sits erect in the saddle, [illegible]th his eyes turned to[illegible]ina's [illegible] with utters a [illegible] cry of very [illegible] joy, *and claps her hands over her heart*: he turns and smiles on seeing her; and then she flies to meet him, disregarding the prancing hoofs of the bonny bay, but seizing his hand before he had time to dismount, and pressing it fondly to her lips.

"Oh, George, dearest George, how good of you! When did you come? I thought you were still in Paris!"

"I left Paris, and came to England in the very next steamer," was the quick reply. "But I want to talk to you, Ruth; are you alone here?"

"Quite."

"And where is Regina? Will she be darting out to call you in five minutes' time?"

"Ah, no! she is with Clifford."

"The deuce she is!" exclaimed he, scowling at the garden wall, as Ruth patted the neck of his horse. "How long has he been here?"

"An hour, I think."

"Stand aside one moment, Ruth; I wish to dismount."

She obeyed, and the Earl of Charlemount (for it was no less a personage) sprung to the ground, and throwing the bridle of his horse over his arm, offered her the other.

"Come; we will walk up the lane. I thought I might meet you here, and so came without a groom."

"Dear George!"

The affectionate tone, and the gentle pressure of the little hand upon his arm, seemed to remind the Earl of a forgotten duty. He bent over her with a smile.

"We are quite alone, Ruth, and you have not given me a greeting yet."

Her lips touched his lightly. How different was the modest caress of the woman soon to be his wife, from that of the girl who had given up all for him not two years before, without a hope of restitution on his part. He felt it, and his conscience smote him inwardly.

"Good little Ruth!" he said aloud; "you deserve a better lover than I have ever been."

"And where could I find one?"

"I am afraid you would not have to look long or far. But are you so very fond of me?"

"It is late to ask that question."

"I know it. But if by chance, Ruth, you should find me to be a villain—not as I was before, for that, unfortunately, is a common case—but a villain, for whose villainy no excuse could possibly be found—what would you say then?"

"I do not fear it!"

"But if it could be so—what would you do?"

She fixed her large eyes upon him, solemnly.

"Die!"

He started, and turned pale. The next moment, he recovered his composure.

"Ah, Ruth, that is more easily said than done! I don't know that you would die, but I think you would hate me—that your bitterest curse would follow me through my whole life!"

"No!" she said, firmly. "I can never have curses for you, George! Nothing but love—and, perhaps, prayers."

"Strange creatures you women are!" was the musing reply. "Yet, you are not all alike. There is Regina, for instance. She would send anything but prayers after the man who betrayed her."

"Clifford will be true!" said Ruth, in a low voice.

"Are you sure?"

"He idolizes her! And their wedding-day comes very soon."

"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, Ruth. However, I will prophecy no evil. If Clifford wins her, I hope he will be true to her!"

"And you, George?"

"I?" said the Earl, looking down into the earnest upraised face—"I shall be as true as steel to the lady of my love!"

Ruth gave a little, contented smile.

"But, my dear child, what do you think I came here this evening for?"

"To see me!"

"Very true. But I also came to ask you to do something for me."

"Name it."

"Promise first that you will consent."

"You know well that I can refuse you nothing."

"Well, then, come farther up the lane, and speak very low. You know it was your wish that our wedding-day should be the same as Regina's!"

"Yes."

"And that we should be married in the same church, by the same clergyman?"

"Yes."

"You were so happy in the thought, that I had not the heart to tell you while we were in Paris that it could not be."

"Why not, George?"

"How pale you look, and how you cling to my arm! You little goose, you cannot think I mean to put off the marriage entirely!"

"I did not know," said poor Ruth, who had felt giddy and miserable enough till those words fell upon her ear. "It startled me at first; but if you call me a goose, I know you love[illegible] on my [illegible] So go on!"

But wha[illegible] I wish to be[illegible] riage is this—it [illegible]st be private."

"Very well."

"Strictly private, Ruth! No human being—not even Regina—must know whom you have married till I give you leave to speak!"

"Is this necessary?" asked Ruth, sadly.

"If it were not necessary, I would not ask it."

"But may I not tell Regina that I am married?"

"If you like. But not that you are Countess of Charlemount."

"Oh, I care little for that!" she answered lightly. "I was only thinking of being *your* wife, George!"

He turned his head away. "By heaven! it is like seething the kid in its mother's milk!" he said inwardly, with a cruel pang of remorse and shame; yet he persisted in his purpose.

"That is not all: our marriage must be immediate."

"Before Regina's!"

"Confound Regina's!" he exclaimed, impatiently. Then seeing her astonished look, he passed his hand hurriedly over his forehead, and added, "forgive me, Ruth; the simple fact is that I am worried to death, and I cannot choose my words."

"Dear George, I will not tease you. Is this business of the marriage worrying you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, then, what to do. I will obey without a word."

"Will you leave London?"

"Alone?" she asked, anxiously.

"Of course."

Her face brightened.

"Yes; if you wish it. Where am

He took her hand in his, and her kissed her.

"Ruth, you are an angel—and matter about me. Listen! If does not take place speedily, as may have a long delay, and bear. You must go away a[illegible] ton, in ———shire. I have ments there; and Howe, w tial servant, will go with with you, till I come. A ments are made, I will married privately, by a who has taken orders nent, at once. My will keep the secret we return, in the no one will recogn tess of Charlemon place in society, y you consent to t

"I consent t George. When

"To morrow you a letter; have heard

like, as an excuse for your sudden departure."

"I cannot do that. Regina and I have secrets of our own, it is true, but we never say the thing that is not, to each other. I will not tell her the reason for my going—it will not be for long. I suppose I shall see her again before we go abroad?"

"Oh, certainly! We'll manage everything in your way. You will find a little cottage at Willerton, Ruth—I think you will like it—and you are to remember that it, and its grounds and furniture, are my first gift to you. My lawyer has the deeds, and Howe has been backward and forward, all the while we were in Paris, getting it ready for you."

"Dear George, how good you are to me!"

What made that red flush mount to Charlemount's brow as he heard her fond acknowledgment of his care for her comfort?

Just then, another horse and rider appeared at the head of the lane, coming rapidly towards them. It was Howe, who dismounted as he reached his master's side, and touched his hat.

"Well, Howe, what is it?"

"Mr. Tinsdale has arrived, my lord."

"Ah, very well! Wait for me at the broad road."

Howe touched his hat again, mounted and rode away. Charlemount had his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, while his other arm glided round Ruth's waist.

"I must see you again to-night," he said. "I must meet this man, who goes out of town directly, and I cannot get out here again till twelve. I must say five words to you, though. Have you changed rooms with Regina, as you told me you were going to do?"

"Yes," said Ruth, blushing deeply.

"She sleeps, then, on the other side of the house?"

"Yes."

"Be at your window at twelve—I can clamber up by the trellis-work—"

"Charlemount!"

"Well, Ruth," he said haughtily, "do you fear me? I give you my word of honor I have no thought of wrong—I only wish to say a few words more about our arrangements. Are you not almost my wife? Do you think I wish to lead you astray again?"

"Oh, no!"

"You will be there?"

"Yes."

"The nights are rather bright, though there is no moon," he said, busying himself with the bridle of his horse. "Wrap yourself in some dark mantle—something black, so that your figure may not be seen, in case the policeman should take it into his head to explore the premises."

"Very well."

"Retire early, saying that you are not well. When will Clifford go?"

"About eleven."

"When the house is still, I will come and throw a pebble up against the wall. Be on the watch. And now for a few hours good bye, my own dear bride!"

These words, and the tender embrace that followed, removed the last of Ruth's scruples. She watched him gallop up the lane, with proud and loving eyes. She did not know, poor child, that as he joined the expectant Howe, he groaned out, "It was well done, my good fellow, but I hate myself for it, and you too!"

Howe smiled respectfully.

"My lord, you will soon get over this. She has consented!"

"A clear thing! [illegible] forget all for Charlemount, Howe! Even that yesterday's wife of mine"—and he shuddered at the mention of her name—"was never dear to me as this one. Poor Ruth, she will go mad, Howe, when she finds it all out! Her blood will be on my head!"

Howe took the liberty of shrugging his shoulders.

"My lord, I think she will recover!"

"Ah, you have a heart of stone!"

"And so have women, every one of them, my lord!"

"Well," said the Earl, "it cannot be helped now. I would sacrifice ten thousand Ruths to gain one Regina. There must be no bungling in the business now, let it cost what it may!"

"There shall be none, my lord," said Howe, as he fell back into his place, and followed his master in the swift ride to the gates of Charlemount House.

Meanwhile, Ruth, according to her lover's directions, leaving Regina and Clifford in the study, had went to her own room to watch and wait for his return. Alas, for poor Ruth, for you also it was the last vigil, and you knew it not!

At exactly half-past eleven, a tall figure, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, [illegible] the garden wall, and leaping down beside the fountain, looked towards the house. Another followed, and both concealing themselves in the shrubbery, waited patiently for the neighboring clock to tell the hour of midnight.

"Egad the policeman, cleverly, Howe!"

"Yes." "But look at that light, moving [illegible] By heaven, the fellow has not [illegible] or unclosed; and Clifford, followed came out and stood upon the [illegible] the calm night sky.

"Id Regina, leaning on his [illegible] how distinctly we can see [illegible] me! I will go with you [illegible] sweeter or fairer guide!"

[illegible] his arm round her, and [illegible] "Oh, Regina, I am [illegible] I am positively afraid [illegible] be answered, playful [illegible] garden is haunted, [illegible] stir, near the [illegible] [illegible] essay it was [illegible] k; and the [illegible] more freely [illegible] ed with a [illegible] ng at the [illegible] It was such a gaze as Lucifer might have fixed upon another pair, more innocent, and a garden far more beautiful than this.

"When will you come again?" asked Regina.

"To-morrow, if I may!"

"To-morrow, of course! But what time?"

"You shall name it."

"After luncheon, I think. Ruth and I are going to be very busy all the morning, but I shall be at leisure then, and you shall ride with me, if you like."

"What are you and Ruth going to do?"

"Mischief!"

"That I supposed. But of what kind?"

"You should not ask such questions—you never know what answer you may get. Perhaps we may show you what we have been about, when you come."

"You will be trimming bonnets and gowns all the morning, and talking scandal."

"Not another word, sir! Bonnets and gowns, indeed! You have been told, a thousand times, to say dresses. Restrain your curiosity for twelve hours; and now good-night!"

She pushed him playfully out through the gate, but he was back again in a moment by her side.

"You would be quite wild if I left you in that way, Regina; so you may as well make your adieux properly!"

"Very well; bend down your head."

He did so, and received a sound box on the ear. Half frightened at the answer she had given to his teasing speech, she darted away; but he caught her in his arms before she had made a dozen steps, and revenged himself amply for his tingling cheek.

"There, the quarter is striking!" she said, imploringly. "Prudence will be horrified! Do go—there's a good boy!"

"I am going. Good-night, darling! Sleep well, and dream of me!"

With the last kiss, they parted. Regina closed and bolted the gate; and went slowly up towards the house.

"Too happy," she murmured, as she passed the concealed listeners—"I am afraid we are, indeed! God grant it may last!"

She stood for one moment on the steps, looking silently upward—then going in, the two watchers heard the heavy bolt and chain of the hall door fall into their places, and saw through the latticed windows the gleam of her light as slowly up the stairs.

They rose to their feet. The Earl was deadly pale.

"Howe," he whispered, grasping his servant's arm. "I could have struck the fellow dead at my feet! That he should dare to hold her in his arms, and touch her lips! Before my very eyes, too!" and he uttered a terrible oath.

"My lord," said Howe, soothingly, "you will soon be able to make him suffer more than you are suffering now!"

"Ah! well, we will begin! Do you hear him? Are you sure he watches her each night?"

"I have dogged him up and down a score of times before she went away, and seen him stand outside the gates and look at her light till it went out, as if it was a new star. Hark! don't you hear him now?"

Charlemount listened. Clifford, pacing up and down in the lonely lane, was humming the air of a passionate Indian serenade.

"We will teach him another song: we will leave him to go quietly to bed, instead of watching his lady-love's windows!" said the Earl. "Stay, [illegible] me a handful of pebbles."

Howe picked up a few from the sandy soil [illegible] the fountain. Charlemount, leaving him in [illegible] robbery, stole across the grass, and threw them up against the wall. A window opened softly over his head.

"Hush! it is only me!" he whispered.

At that moment a noise like the chirping of a cricket made him turn his head. It was the concerted signal of an approach, and he distinctly saw a head appearing over the garden wall, close beside the gate. The climber took off his hat, and bent forward among the rustling branches of the trees; his fair hair and slender figure shining distinctly against the background of the quiet sky. "Good!" thought Charlemount, smiling to himself—"Clifford is there; and if that fool of a policeman does not take it into his head to search the lane, at present, all will go as I wish. Here goes now, for Regina. I might as well strike a dagger into the heart of that idiot yonder, as to climb this shaky bit of lattice-work."

He mounted gaily; Ruth wrapped in the cloak of sables, with her long hair unbound and falling over her shoulders, watched him breathlessly, and held out her hands to aid him, as he neared her. Clifford, seeing this, groaned audibly, and Howe chuckled in the shade. The Earl entered the chamber—Clifford still watched, with straining eyes, while drops of perspiration stood upon his brow.

Charlemount's stay exceeded the half-hour; though during that time, he seemed so absent and anxious—not to say cold—that poor Ruth was sadly puzzled to account for his behaviour. On rising to go, however, his manner grew warmer. He laid a purse upon the table.

"It is for your journey, my little bride."

"And when shall I see you again?"

"The moment I can get free from my lawyer," he said, raising the window gently. "It is possible that I may not write before I come; but Howe will be with you. Take care of yourself for my sake, my love!"

He drew her fondly to his breast. Her arms were around his neck—her head upon his shoulder—her lips meeting his. All this Clifford saw, through the open casement, by the light of the lamp upon the table in the background, though the face itself was hidden from him.

"I am mad! I am dreaming!" he said, aloud. "Oh, Regina! you can never be so utterly lost to all truth and honor as this!"

The Earl was descending; but when half-way down a whisper called him back.

"Oh, tell me when we shall meet again.

Clifford heard the words as well.

"Not to-morrow. *He* will be with you!" was the low reply.

"No, not to-morrow!" murmured the sweeter voice. "But, oh, do not stay from me long! You must know that no one can supply your place—however devoted they may be!"

"My darling, it is only for a time that I leave you to him. Once more, good night—once more!"

"Once more," indeed! Clifford saw that delicate figure bend from the casement—saw those white arms rest upon the stranger's shoulders—saw a long, long embrace! When had she shared so close a one with him? And who—who was this man, who had dashed the cup of happiness from his lips, and made him the most wretched creature that trod the earth? He would know before the deadly struggle commenced between them! Only one had he feared—that one so far away. This enemy was the more accursed, because he was a secret one.

Slowly and feebly, without one last look at the casement he had so often and so fondly watched, he descended from his post of observation. A moment passed—he heard voices behind the wall—then the cloaked figure of the stranger sprang down into the lane, followed by another, not quite so stately or powerful. Clifford's hand was upon his throat in an instant.

"Who are you, sir—and why are you here?"

The stranger struggled at first, as if he wished to free himself; but Clifford, endowed by his terrible agony with a strength almost miraculous, kept his steady hold.

"Let me go, or it will be the worse for you!"

"That voice!" said Clifford, releasing him, and staggering back as if he had been struck. "Not you—not you!"

Charlemount doffed his hat, and made him a courtly bow. Clifford gazed a moment into his flushed, handsome face; his own grew white even to the lips; he sprang forward, but before he could aim a blow at his mocking enemy, he fell heavily at his feet. The policeman just turning into the lane heard the noise, and ran to the spot. Charlemount concealed his face with his cloak. Howe helped the policeman to raise the body, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"All right!" he said, jocosely. "The gentleman fainted. He is coming to, now. Take him to the nearest cab stand, and tell the driver to put him down at No. 40, Jermyn Street. Or stay! I will go with you!"

They walked away, supporting the reviving Clifford between them. In ten minutes, Howe rejoined his master, and having another cab, they drove quietly towards home.

* * * * * * * *

Regina coming down rather late to breakfast on the following morning, was surprised to see the ubiquitous John kneeling over an imperial in the hall, and tightening its straps, preparatory to raising it to his shoulder. Seeing his mistress, he paused in his occupation, and bade her a cordial and civil good morning.

"What are you doing there?" she asked.

"I am only going to take this to the cab, while Miss Ruth finishes her breakfast," he explained.

"And what has Miss Ruth to do with it?" was on her lips; but she checked herself, and entered the study, now become their common breakfast-room. Though the day was bright and clear, the first damp chill of autumn was in the air, and the sight of the garden trees rocking about in the high wind that was abroad, made the fire on the hearth a pleasanter object than it would have been a month previous. Before it sat Ruth, fully equipped for travelling. Her gray straw bonnet and [illegible] marino [illegible] beside a small basket, [illegible] upon the [illegible] her plate and cup were pushed aside—her hands were clasped upon her knee—and though her eyes were fixed upon the red mass of coals before her, her thoughts were evidently far away—probably, they were already beginning the journey she was so soon to undertake. Regina went up and touched her on the shoulder. She started, and seeing who it was, blushed deeply, and snatched her gloves out of the claws of Peter, who seemed bent on adding them to his stock of buried treasures by the garden wall.

"Well, Ruth!"

"Well, Regina!"

That was their usual morning salutation, but now it was uttered a little nervously by both. Ruth took her white hand, still resting on her shoulder, and touched it with her lips.

"I am doing homage to Queen Zenobia."

"Not for the last time!"

"Heaven forbid! Why do you look so grave, Regina? Why do you not ask me where I am going?"

"You know very well, Ruth, that if you should see me 'booted and spurred' for a ride across the Alps, or a voyage to Lapland, you would not open your lips except to say 'Bon voyage!' Would you?"

"Possibly not. But then I am peculiar."

"So am I. We are a pair, I think, and I say 'Bon voyage' to you."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing!"

Ruth looked anxiously in the half averted face.

"Regina, are you vexed?"

"Not a whit!"

"What then?"

"Grieved—provoked—indignant!"

"Ah!"

"Not with you, though, little Ruthie!"

"With whom, then?"

"With *him*!" said Regina, emphatically.

Ruth started.

"Who told you?" she said; and then, checking herself, she began to examine her bonnet-strings very intently.

"I hope you like their color?" said Regina, sarcastically. "Oh, Ruth, my dear child! if you were not going to tell me your secret, why did you not take yourself off before I came down? why did you post yourself here in front of my breakfast-table, with that secret written so plainly in your face that an idiot might read it?"

"Do you read it?"

"I do."

"Read it aloud, then."

Regina bent playfully over her, and looked into her deep, sweet eyes.

"Here it is plainest. Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Ruth has had a letter from that very possible 'he' this morning. Ruth is going to do something which he advises (another word for commanding,) even though, in obeying, she makes a hole in Regina's heart!"

"Nonsense!" cried Ruth, glad to escape that close, true scrutiny. "Regina's heart is filled!"

"Is it?" said the actress, with a wistful smile. "I should like to know how?"

"Clifford!"

"Bah!"

"I wish he heard you!"

"He might if he liked. No doubt he would be vexed; but the truth is, Ruth, that however dear he may be to me, he could not fill the place you hold. If I lost you, the loss would never be over, though he was for ever by my side."

Much moved, Ruth drew nearer, and, holding each other's hands, they stood looking thoughtfully into the fire. One had learned, by continued experience, that the warmest and most perfect love may vanish in an instant, and that no earthly support is to be depended upon, except it be the support of that firm, steady friendship, which, springing up sometimes between persons *of the same sex*, can have neither jealousy nor passion to disturb its course; and so it flows quietly and swiftly on to the very borders of the grave. The other had not yet mastered this most necessary truth, yet the yearning tenderness of her friend and sister affected her deeply. Charlemount never *could* be false—love never *could* fail—said her happy heart; yet, somewhere in the dark recesses of her thoughts, lurked an unacknowledged "If;" and to this dreaded, though half-unrecognized monster, it was sweet to present the firm front and steady face of a friendship like Regina's. This was the lovely land where she might come to die in peace, if by any unforeseen and most improbable chance some arrow laid her low. Poor little Ruth! It was a comfort to remember this when the dark days came on!

"How long am I to lose my household fairy?" asked Regina, at last.

"Am I that to you?"

"Do you not know it yet? I shall wander through the deserted rooms and the deserted garden with a very heavy heart; I shall look up at your window, and sigh, because you are not there; I shall watch the autumn rose you planted, till its buds unfold; and then—not till then, I shall be happy again! Then you will come back, for you said, in the spring that we would watch those latest flowers open together!"

"Did I?"

Tears filled the soft brown eyes. The simple, happy life which she and Regina had marked out for themselves—where was it now? Had they done wrong, in allowing others to share, and therefore, of necessity, to spoil it?

"When those roses bloom," she said in a low voice, "I shall not be here; I shall be far, very far away!"

Regina started—then sighed, and dropped her hand.

"I see it all, Ruth! Our pleasant dream is over!"

"Yes, it is over!"

"We have been very foolish, my poor child. There [illegible] opened the gate—and if [illegible] there would have been none [illegible]

"We do not know that, [illegible]

"I do, if you do not! [illegible] love of yours would have [illegible] readily welcomed back! What you fancied you could not find in Regina, you sought in him! I wish you joy of it!"

"Why, how bitter you are!"

"I know it; but is it not vexing and humiliating to think that we, who had found peace, and ought to have known what peace was worth, should go and risk it again the moment an opportunity offered!"

"Ah, we shall be happier with them than we have been here!" said Ruth, with a kindling smile.

Regina eyed her with a half-tender, half-contemptuous glance.

"You are one degree better than I am. You wear your chains with a grace—mine gall and fret me, though I am not strong enough to throw them off. Mark my words, Ruth—in six months after we have left this little cottage, we shall be ready to give our ears to get back again!"

Ruth shook her head, and looked very unbelieving.

"Well, it can't be helped now. So tell me—am I to see you here again?"

"Yes."

"And when?"

"You must not tell Clifford."

"Fudge, child! Do you fancy I tell him everything I hear, or say, or do, or think, or feel? I am not so far gone as that yet!"

"Well, then, I shall not come till—I am married!"

Regina gave a little clear, sweet whistle of surprise.

"Is he in England, then?"

"Yes, he followed us at once from Paris."

"And have you seen him?"

Ruth blushed and smiled.

"Ah, little traitor! that explains the long walk in the lane last evening. But you were to be married with me—we were to assume our halters together! How is this?"

"My dear Regina, that is just what I must not tell you. There are reasons why our marriage must be immediate, and private."

Regina began to look very grave.

"Let no one make a fool of you, Ruth!"

"Now you are unjust."

"You are quite sure no treachery is intended?"

"Quite! His confidential servant attends me, and remains with me. The settlements are being prepared, and he will join me as soon as the lawyers can spare him—then we shall be married. I shall pay you a short visit—and go abroad."

"Shall I see him?"

"Not just yet," was the evasive reply.—"But before long I can tell you all. Dear Regina, the only thing that pains me is, that I may not tell you now!"

"I say frankly that this secrecy does not suit me. Be on your guard, Ruth—be sure that he is honest and true, before you go too far. More I need not add."

"There are good reasons," pleaded Ruth.

"Very well. You are, at least, old enough and wise enough, to take care of yourself, after having been warned. How soon shall I see you?"

"In a very few weeks."

"Will you write?"

"If anything goes wrong—not unless."

"Very well. But, if I get that letter, woe be to the man who causes you to write it!"

"You shall not judge him so!"

"Poor little child!" said Regina, patting her on the head. "He must be a villain, indeed, if he could wrong you a second time. Remember, Ruth, I depend on you to tell me if matrimony is really endurable. Sometimes I fancy not. The very idea of seeing the same face day after day, over the coffee-pot, looks almost unbearable now and then!"

Ruth had no opportunity to reply to this outburst, for John announced that the cabman had only time to reach the station from which she was to start. She snatched up her gloves and basket, and ran down the garden-path, followed by Regina, who saw her safely into the cab.

"All my sunshine goes with you!" she said, fondly. "Bring it back soon!"

"Very soon, and brighter than ever!" was the gay reply.

It was a peculiarity of their intercourse and their friendship, that anything like a caress was seldom exchanged between them. Once only—and that at the beginning of that friendship—had their lips met. Now, as they parted, they simply held each other's hands a moment, and said, "Good-bye!" Yet, not the less sadly for that, did Regina watch the clumsy vehicle out of sight—not less lonely was she as she went back into the quiet house—the nest from which the quick-eyed bird had flown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ANOTHER FINE STORY.

In our paper of August 11th, we design commencing another novelet, by Mrs. Wood, author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," &c.

This novelet, which has been written expressly for our columns, is about the length of "The Earl's Daughters," and is fully equal in power and interest to anything that Mrs. Wood has written. Our readers may, therefore, safely expect a rich treat in its perusal.

Our subscribers will oblige us by calling the attention of their friends and neighbors to this announcement, as the beginning of this story will be an excellent opportunity to commence new subscriptions to THE POST.

VACCINATION.

A pamphlet has been recently published in England by Dr. Alfred Collinson, on the subject of Small Pox and Vaccination, which contains a number of facts interesting to readers in general, as well as to the medical profession.

It would appear from historical authorities, that Small Pox and Leprosy were two of the consequences of the Crusades—though it is very probable that they gradually would have found their way into Western Europe from the hot climes of the East, even if the returning Crusaders had not brought back with them from their fiery inroad into Palestine, these pests of a corrupt and degraded civilization. Waving the question of probabilities, however, the historical fact remains, and the introduction of the Small Pox and the Leprosy—the latter of which, we believe, has almost died out—may be fairly put in the balance against those advantages, which are generally supposed to have been derived by our ancestors from the attempt to rescue the sepulchre of the Saviour from the hands of the infidel.

The ravages of the Small Pox, before science had learned to master it, were of the most fearful character. We quote from an essay on this subject, based upon Dr. Collinson's book, as follows:—

The Spaniards took small pox from Europe to America. It depopulated Mexico, by the annihilation of three millions and a half of people; they "perished in heaps," says Prescott. It was, as it always has proved, especially fatal among the dark-skinned races. A million of people (the whole native population) perished out of Hispaniola by the disease that was more murderous than war and famine. Still, in the sixteenth century, entire races of men were destroyed by it in the Brazils. It spread through Peru, sweeping away all the Indians and mulattoes in the cities of Potosi and De la Paz; it left the country desolate, and the mines were for a long time deserted. In North America, of twelve millions of Red men, *six died by the sword, bayonet, and whiskey; the other six by small pox.* A translation of the Bible having been made for the Six Nations, by the time it was finished there was not one left to read it, the whole nation having died of small pox. The terrible disease devastated Siberia, Greenland, and Labrador, and made for three years a silent desert of the capital of Thibet. It killed two millions in a single year in Russia, and at Constantinople it destroyed one half of those on whom it seized. In France and Sweden, a tenth of the deaths were by small pox; in England a fourteenth. Bernoulli believed that this disease swept away fifteen millions of human beings in every quarter of a century. In Europe alone it destroyed in a single century forty-five millions.

The first remedy practised was that of Inoculation, or Engrafting, as it was primarily termed. Lady Wortley Montague, wife of the English Ambassador at Constantinople, introduced the practice into England from that city, where it was general. In the face of strong opposition, it became common in Western Europe. The small pox, thus introduced directly into the system through the blood, instead of by contagion—and the person being generally prepared for it by a previous course of abstinence from meats, pastries, &c., was found to be very manageable. But there was one great evil attendant upon it. The inoculated person, while suffering only a mild form of the disease himself, could communicate by simple infection the most deadly form of it—just as a person now-a-days may take violent small pox from the mildest case of varioloid. And, in consequence of this, it is stated that the practice of inoculation positively increased the ravages of the small pox—so that the mortality rose from seventy-four in a thousand to ninety-four in a thousand; and instead of a fourteenth, one-tenth of the English people yearly, died of this loathsome disease. And thus Inoculation or Engrafting, though apparently a benefit, was really, so far as the whole population was concerned, worse than a failure.

It is curious to note how many great inventions and discoveries have been partly the result of accident. The discovery of Galvanism, the invention of the telescope, and other instances, will occur to the general reader. A late instance is that of the Vulcanized India Rubber, the joint product of a happy accident and the years of patient, painful toil of Charles Goodyear—a man of whom America has cause to be proud. In the case before us, a young girl "happened" (as men say,) to mention in the hearing of a young medical apprentice, by the name of Jenner, that as she had taken the cow-pox from her cows in milking, the small pox would not hurt her. Upon the ears of many common men before that time, similar remarks had fallen without producing any result. But Jenner's active and comprehensive intellect caught at this alleged fact as at the first plank of an ark of safety. He found that the truth of the young milkmaid's remark [illegible] long been known in the great [illegible] Gloucestershire. After [illegible] careful experiment, [illegible] that, the horse, the [illegible] or animals, [illegible] disease—which [illegible] or body—[illegible] pox, but it had no effect. The boy was duly protected, as the milkmaid had been.

Thus it was found that the small-pox—passed through the lower animals, and transmitted from them to man again—loses its most virulent symptoms, and all its infective power. How it is, no one knows—but of the fact there would seem to be no doubt. Jenner's discovery spread rapidly, and—in spite of the ridiculous prejudices of certain preachers, who held that it was impious to interfere with the Divine appointments, and of certain physicians who feared that the vaccine matter would convert men into beasts—soon became general in England, from which it spread rapidly through the continent.

In procuring vaccine matter from children, Dr. Collinson considers it important that it should be taken from none but healthy bodies. "One ignorant or careless vaccinator who diffuses matter from the vaccinated arm of a child with skin disease, may cause the propagation of matter that shall give false confidence to hundreds of men. Vaccine matter must be taken for use from none but healthy bodies, always at the right time, and only from a perfect and true cow-pox vesicle, and by a vaccinator who has been taught to recognize its perfect form. No child is vaccinated properly, upon whose skin at least one vesicle is not allowed to run its whole natural course, unopened by the lancet and unbroken by rubbing."

Owing probably to carelessness in relation to the quality of the vaccine matter, small pox seems to be gradually gaining ground. In the three years of 1856, 1857 and 1858, the yearly mortality in England was trebled. The remedy for this is believed to be the procural of better matter—when it can be had, from the cow itself—and the more general vaccination of the community. To show what can be done, Sweden and Denmark are said to have been kept almost entirely free of this dreaded disease for the term of twenty years!

There is, however, an opposition ground to all vaccination, which we shall now barely touch upon. Those who hold it, grant the power of vaccination as a protection from small-pox, but attack the practice as a general enfeebler of the constitution, and a spreader of other diseases, especially those of a scrofulous character. These allegations, however, are supported by such defective proof, and the evils of small pox are so terrible and pressing in their character, that on the common sense view of taking "a choice of evils," the science and practical wisdom of the world cannot avoid recommending in the most decided terms, the careful but universal adoption of the practice of Vaccination.

☞ There are a number of old subscribers, especially in the West and North-West, whose accounts are considerably in arrears. We trust they will remember THE POST at the very earliest moment their means will enable them to do so. A word to some men is sufficient.

"OUR HOME" INDEED.

"The proprietors of 'Our Home,' a water cure, located in Dansville, Livingston County, kept by Dr. Jackson, formerly of Glen Haven, publish through the columns of the Herald of that place, an invitation to all editors of newspapers throughout the United States, who are sick, to become at any time their guests, without charge, for three months, to take a course of treatment for that length of time. It says: 'Those of you who are addicted to the use of tobacco, ardent spirits, drug poisons, tea, coffee or opium, and would like to be relieved from your dependence on them, to you we extend this invitation.'"

We think the proprietors of "Our Home" deserve honorable mention by all editors for the above offer. We, for one, however, should dislike very much to be "relieved from our dependence on coffee," which we do not feel to be any more of a bondage, than our "dependence," which we confess is still greater, upon cold water; while many of our editorial brethren, doubtless, would find it even more difficult to give up tobacco, ardent spirits, and tea. Still, this offer is so very generous, that we think one or two hundred of the editorial fraternity, especially those who are out of pocket as well as out of health, would do well to avail themselves of it. It must presage "the good time coming," of which we have heard so much, and, until now, seen so little.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

The bath which is said to have proved so effectual in curing cattle in Ireland, is stated to have been the Turkish or hot-air bath, recently described in THE POST. Dr. Barter cured seven out of eight distempered animals on the first experiment; and he showed a farmer who had lost thirty cows by the malady, how, for $30, he could construct a rude bath, which, on being set up and tested, proved effectual in saving all the rest of the cattle that caught the disease.

Any of our farmers could make a tolerably close box, and heat it by means of a common stove, which would answer all the purposes of the bath in question. Of course there must be sufficient ventilation, for the object is not to *smother* the cows, but to give them a constant supply of pure though heated air, while they are being sweated. Give them a thorough sweat, and then walk them up and down in the open air, where the wind will not blow upon them, until they are cooled off. Of course the disease ought to be taken at the beginning.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—We regret to say that the Great Eastern will not come to Philadelphia, as her policy of insurance does not cover a voyage to any other port than New York. Her managers are said to be quite disappointed at the patronage they have received in New York, her visitors from that city being comparatively few. Doubtless if Heenan and Tom Sayers had been brought over in her, and not allowed to leave the ship, but engaged to give pugilistic exhibitions on deck twice a day, the concourse that would have daily thronged to see the vessel would have been immense. The Directors of the Great Eastern will know better next time how to cater to the interest of our New York friends. Well, they treated the Portland people rather shabbily, and they have been treated rather shabbily in their turn. Success, however, to the Great Eastern—blessings on any ship which will save its passengers in a large degree from paying that fearful stomachic tribute to Neptune, which deters so many from crossing the unsteady seas.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE IN THE DESERT; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL IN ASIA AND AFRICA. By Colonel L. Du COURET. Translated from the French. Published by Mason Brothers, New York.

APPLETON'S COMPANION HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL. Containing a full description of Towns, Places of Interest, Hotels, &c., through the United States and Canada. Edited by T. Addison Richards. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ECHOES OF EUROPE; OR, WORD PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By E. K. WASHINGTON. Published by James Challen & Son, Philada.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July. Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philada.

THE SAND-HILLS OF JUTLAND. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

MID-DAY THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MIND. By the author of "Lessons on Reasoning," &c. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. Designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for August. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

A RUN THROUGH EUROPE. By ERASTUS C. BENEDICT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

COURSE OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By H. I. SCHMIDT, D. D., Professor in Columbia College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

☞ Mr. Joseph Popper, of Prague, announces that he has discovered the means to regulate aerial navigation by a power which will satisfactorily take the place of nearly all steam-engines, being simple, efficacious, and safe. With this agent, gas is not necessary, and the descent is to be accomplished by an ingenious arrangement of parachutes. This aerial boat is, then, merely a gondola, whose movements in every direction obey readily the commands of the motive power, and this is nothing but a reactionary force produced by a current of electricity.

☞ GOOD WILL.—Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one. —*Jeffrey.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FALSE DAUPHINS.

PART FIRST.

PARIS, June 29, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

When, in the twelfth century, the puissant seigneur, Gingues IV., Count of Viennois, changed the name of his ancestral dominions to Dauphine—probably in honor of the *Dauphin (dolphin)* which figured in his coat of arms—and when his equally puissant descendant, Count Humbert II., ceded those dominions in the 14th century to King Charles-Philippe, who was graciously pleased to ordain that the new province should always belong to the heir-apparent of the French crown, and give to him the title of Dauphin, they were probably very far from dreaming either of the tragic reverses which were fated to overshadow the destinies of the last princes of the royal house, or of the comic absurdities of the pretenders who, when the dynasty of the Bourbons had fallen on its days of humiliation, would endeavor to make good their impudent assumptions of a claim to the rights and dignities implied in the proud title which was intended to commemorate the adjunction of their rich and important province to the crown of France.

To this day, certain "old fogies" across the Channel are unable to make up their minds to a rejection of the pretended claims of the individuals who gave so much trouble to King Henry the Seventh, by personating the younger of the two royal children, believed to have been murdered by their unnatural uncle, "Crookback Richard," in the gloomy old Tower of London; but only one of the various personators of a similar claim to the crown of France, has been fortunate enough to inspire so persistent a confidence in the minds of any of their fellow-countrymen of the present generation, notwithstanding the success which their impostures commanded among their contemporaries.

The pages of history sufficiently attest the fact that, whenever any remarkable personages disappear suddenly from popular view, such personages are pretty sure to be represented by a number of sosies, made up for the "character" with more or less skill, and that these pretenders never fail to meet with more or less favor and acceptance among their fellow-countrymen. Antiquity had its false Smerdis; Russia has had her false Demetriuses; and France has been abundantly mystified by the clever "hussies" who tried to pass themselves off for Jeanne d'Arc;—Therese Mehaigue, who managed to impose upon the Duke of Orleans; Pierronne de Bretagne; Catherine de la Rochelle; Jeanne de l'Espine, whose neck bore the scar of the wound received at the battle of Patay, while her thigh bore traces of the injury received in the moat of Compiegne, and who was burned to death in the market-place of Paris; to say nothing of the numerous other pretenders to the personality of the heroic "Maid," who persisted, amidst the flames of the great Square of Rouen, in affirming their story with their last breath.

In later times, we find that no less than [illegible] principal pretenders to the name and heritage of the unfortunate Louis XVII. have been brought before the French courts of justice.

During ten years and a half, the unhappy child of Louis XVI., of whom the regicide Sevestre had made the sinister prediction, "He will never attain his majority," had wasted away in prison; and his release, by the hand of Death, on the 8th of June, 1795, from his long sufferings and humiliations, was officially registered by his attendants, several of whom, though officially his jailors, had become generously and devotedly attached to their young charge. The secrecy with which the remains of the royal youth were interred, and the mystery in which his existence had been shrouded, conspired to render a large portion of the French public incredulous of the fact of his decease; and though the Republicans were naturally disposed to accept the fact as patent, the Royalists were as naturally disposed to call in question its authenticity.

The first of the seven persons who gave themselves out to be the son of Louis XVI., and consequently the rightful sovereign of France, was Jean Marie Heroagault, born at St. Lo the 20th of September, 1781. His father was a poor tailor. When he had reached his 12th year, Jean Marie was taken by his father into Normandy and other departments near Paris, where he showed off the boy as a son of the Duke of Valentinois, by a pretty woman of low birth, whom he had married, with the left hand; and as the child was distinguished by a very white skin, fair, curly hair, a charming face, and a natural air, dignity and candor which imposed on all who saw him, the tailor had little difficulty in passing him off as of royal blood. The tailor did not stick to the same text, however; the child was shown first as the son of the duke just mentioned, next as that of La Vaucelle, then as a scion of the ducal House of Longueville, and next as the Duke of Ursel. But the tailor, probably reflecting that it was no less easy to pass off his son as the heir of the late king, at length boldly pretended that this handsome and noble-looking child was none other than the legitimate claimant of the throne of France; and declared that he himself—being the father of a scrofulous and half-idiotic boy of the same age and size as the young Dauphin—had aided certain devoted adherents of the dethroned dynasty to effect a substitution of the two children; and described, with great minuteness of detail, the stratagem by means of which the young Dauphin had been delivered from his persecutors of the Temple prison, by being hidden in the bottom of a cart, under a heap of dirty linen, while the sickly and imbecile son of the tailor was left in the place of the young prince.

The pretended prince was arrested at Hottot, and imprisoned as a vagrant; but was subsequently released. Not long afterwards, having renewed his pretensions, and also been convicted of swindling, the young man was sentenced, at Chalons, to a month's imprisonment; some time afterwards, for similar offences, he was sentenced to a year's confinement, and subsequently to an imprisonment of four years at Vitry. But no reverses could cure the young man of his determination to pass himself off as the true heir of the French throne. When he last appeared before the representatives of the law, his perfect calmness, and the noble dignity of his manners, excited the warm sympathies of the crowd. Among his dupes, were rich *bourgeois*, and respectable priests; the tailor's son was surrounded by the utmost respect by his adherents, and a smile, or a slight bow from him sent all these people into ecstacies of satisfaction.

The Imperial police, not given to practical joking, at length decided that the impostor was a madman, and shut him up in the madhouse of Bicetre, where he died in May, 1812. After Heroagault, the *role* of the young Dauphin was successively played by one Persat, a discharged soldier, and the Fontoline, a mason of Lyons. But these pretenders were too insignificant to merit more than a passing mention.

After them came a certain Mathurin Bruneau, a worthless but cunning peasant, a maker of wooden shoes, grossly ignorant, and devoid of the slightest natural facility for the support of the difficult part he chose to assume. Brought up by public charity, the *sabotier* suddenly, in 1817, took it into his wooden head to pass himself off for Louis XVII. The famine which then desolated France, had caused much murmuring against the Government; and the cunning peasant took advantage of this temporary unpopularity of Louis XVIII., to cover the walls of Rouen with placards declaring himself to be the "legitimate" heir of Louis XVI. The popular discontent rallied so many adherents round this absurd pretender, that the Government grew uneasy, and caused him to be arrested. On his trial, it was proved that the fellow, who was born in the village of Vezin, had pretended, in his eleventh year, to be the son of the seigneur of his native village, and called himself the Baron de Vezins. He had been brought up in the house of his brother-in-law, who kept a little inn, and carried on the manufacture of the wooden shoes or *sabots* so generally worn by the French peasantry; but his idleness was so incurable, and his conduct so bad, that he was at length driven away by his brother-in-law, who could no longer tolerate his misdeeds. Thus reduced to destitution, the hopeful youth made the best of his way to another village, where he presented himself, under the title of the Baron de Vezins, at the chateau of the Viscountess Turpin de Crisse, at Angry; told a touching story of how he had been abandoned by his family during the disorder of the period, and so completely imposed on the owners of the chateau that they kept him in their family for a whole year, admitting him to their table, and treating him with all the respect and kindness due to his supposed rank and misfortunes. At length the imposition was discovered; and Bruneau was sent back to his own village, where his former comrades made such fun of him, that he again presented himself at the hospitable chateau of Angry, where the kind hearted Viscountess, taking pity on his wretchedness, consented to receive him among the servants of her household. But the young rascal played off so much [illegible] his new capacity, that he was [illegible] and sent back to Vezins. His pa[illegible] more soon led him to the commission of absurdities; and at the age of [illegible] went off on a general tour in search of [illegible]ns. In 1803, he was sent to the House of Correction at St. Denis, (near Paris,) as "a vagabond" and an "imbecile;" two years afterwards he was set at liberty, and enlisted in the marines. Nothing farther is known of him until 1815, when he travelled about in his native department, pretending that he had married the daughter of a rich English lord, who had died, leaving him with one child, heir to all his mother's wealth; that he had been *Colonel* in Spanish America; that the Princess Charlotte of Brazil had given him two diamonds of immense value; and that he possessed "500,000 francs, in gold," and "a share in the Bank of England." He showed an American passport, in which he was styled "Charles de Navarre, citizen of the United States."

Notwithstanding his diamonds, his 500,000 francs, and his share in the Bank of England, the High and Mighty "Charles de Navarre" presented himself at the door of a poor country inn, near Saumur, innocent of any substitute for a coat, and wearing nothing but an old nankeen vest, canvas trowsers, a cotton night-cap, and a pair of ragged shoes, without stockings. At this inn, another peasant having said that he looked like the son of a certain Widow Phelippeau, who had had, for several years, no news of her son, supposed to be dead in South America, Bruneau at once conceived the project of personating the widow's son.—Having learned various particulars concerning the widow and her family, the rogue suddenly presented himself to her as her long lost son. Received with transports of joy by the mother, he kept up his imposition for some time; but becoming tired of the widow's home, he disappeared from the place, and returned to Vibriers, the residence of his brother-in-law. It seems to have been the master of a cook-shop at Pont-de-Ce, formerly a cook in the kitchens of Louis XVI., with whom Bruneau became intimate about this time, who put it into the head of this worthless vagabond to pretend to be the son of the deposed monarch.

Being soon after arrested at St. Malo, he got some one to write, in his name, (for the impostor could neither read nor write) an absurd letter to Louis XVIII., in which he styles himself "Dauphin Bourbon," and modestly demands the restitution to himself of the "paternal inheritance."

Imprisoned in the Bicetre, in 1816, Bruneau still keeps up his pretensions; and contrives, while gaining a few francs by hollowing out sabots, to make a goodly number of adherents among his fellow-prisoners. A sham priest, an embezzler of the public moneys, a coiner of counterfeit money, a deserter, a certain ill-conducted abbe, women of dubious morals, and a number of other rogues and simpletons profess unbounded respect for his claims, and address him as "Prince Charles" and "Dauphin." The rumor that Louis XVII. is at the Bicetre, soon spreads through Paris; visitors come to him in crowds, money is offered in abundance, and (of course) graciously accepted by the "Prince," who employs a seal bearing the arms of the Bourbons, to disguise his inability to sign his assumed name; zealous partisans compose "The Memoirs of the Dauphin," and the court of the pretended heir is more and more sedulously attended, until the unlucky day when he is sent to Rouen to stand his trial before the Correctional Police Court of that city.

The existing reports of this trial, in which the accused appeared with his eternal cotton night-cap on his head, and his usual look of mingled stupidity and insolence, are excessively curious for the stolid persistence of the prisoner in the absurd story he had invented, the unfailing impudence with which he endeavored to contradict, by the most barefaced falsehoods, the mass of evidence brought against him on the score of his earlier impostures, and the insolent familiarity of his deportment. It was impossible to induce the fellow to stand at the bar; if compelled to stand up while answering the questions addressed to him by the Judge, he would let himself fall, so that the Court was at last obliged to put its dignity into its pocket, and allow the insolent pretender to sit. It was impossible to obtain a categoric answer from him on any point; his replies were usually as wide of the mark as he could manage to make them; he swore, scolded, yawned, pretended to go to sleep, talked *at* and *to* his Judges, talked to the audience, narrated the most absurd stories, betraying the grossest ignorance both of men and things, and kept the spectators of this singular trial alternately in a roar of laughter and a *rage* of indignation. The Court, after a severe exertion of its powers of endurance, at length pronounced its verdict.—Two or three of Bruneau's abettors were sentenced to various fines and terms of imprisonment, the sentence passed on himself being as follows:—

"The Court sentences Mathurin Bruneau, born at Vezins, May 10, 1784, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs to the Government, to be kept in prison for the space of five years, on account of the misdeeds for which he has now been tried, and to be [illegible]t in prison two years more, after the expir[illegible] of the first term of five years; orders that [illegible]fter the expiration of the period of his impri[illegible]ment, he shall remain at the disposition of the [illegible]overnment during whatever period of time sha[illegible] he judged necessary, according to the way [illegible] shall have behaved during his imprisonmen[illegible] and sentences him to two-thirds of the costs [illegible] the trial, failing of which, he shall be kept [illegible] prison until these charges shall be by him defr[illegible]ed."

As the wretched impostor had not a sou to bless himself with, it was impossible for him to pay either the fine or the costs declared against him; and he, too, like his predecessor, Hervagault, ended his miserable existence in a jail.

The next of the seven pretenders known to history as the "False Dauphins," was a man of a very different stamp from the [illegible]ant impostor we have just passed in re[illegible] and his history constitutes one of the most [illegible]ular pages in the voluminous annals of im[illegible]s imposture. But the length of my letter [illegible]arns me to rein in my pen, reserving this portion of my subject for my next letter.

QUANTUM.

A HINT TO GIRLS.—Our girls will have to take care hereafter to paint their cheeks with nature's "blooms" only; to take heed and not to rinse the windows of the soul with the tincture of belladonna, and to guard against looking interestingly pale. The highest court of England has ruled that want of health in one of two engaged to be married, justifies the other in a breach of his or her promise; and as the ruling of the English courts is often adopted in our own, it is very probable that this will become a principle with our judges. So, young ladies, look to your calisthenics, and eschew any little proclivities to slate pencils and other delicacies of a similar character, while in the growing age. Think that every time you paint your cheeks, dawdle too long over a novel, or omit to take your morning walk, your chances of marrying become less.—*Buffalo Advocate.*

FOREIGN WORKMEN.—Some foreign workmen are a reproach to our own in the resources at their disposal from their ability to do more than one thing. The Swiss peasantry of the Jura occupy themselves with their little farms during the warm months, and when snowed up in winter betake themselves to the extremely delicate and intricate task of constructing the works of those Geneva watches which are renowned all over the world for their neatness and accuracy. In those deep awful valleys of the Alps, where the people are so often stricken with organic disease, it is beautiful to see the versatile ingenuity with which they employ their remaining faculties in ornamental woodwork and other minor arts. With us it is too often seen in the humbler classes that a natural deformity, or the accidental loss of a sense or a limb, is held to justify an abandonment of all effort at self-support, and a recumbency on pauperism.

THE HIGHEST CHARITY.—The highest charity is to pay liberally for all things had or done for you; because to underpay workmen, and then be bountiful, is not charity. On the other hand, to give, when by so doing you support idleness, is most pernicious. Yet you cannot refuse to give a street alms, if your charity has no other channel; you would feel that refusal in such a case was a mere pretext to save your money. But if your wealth is wisely and systematically given, then the refusal of idle appeals does no harm to the heart.

☞ Cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men just as pertness is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

☞ The wise carry their knowledge, as they do their watches—not for display, but for their own use.

☞ There is a story of Henri Quatre, who, on being told by his gardener at Fontainbleau, that a certain plot of ground would grow nothing, told him to plant a bed of attorneys, for they would flourish anywhere.

☞ We are informed that the fresh juice of the honeysuckle rubbed on the part stung by a bee, instantly removes the pain.

THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

My attention has been directed to the Western letter, and your comments thereon, in your issue of the 21st instant. I think you are mistaken in reference to the growth of the prairie rose in this locality: for, during several summers, I have had in my city garden a plant of this species, which has reached the height of two feet or more, and like that of your correspondent, it is trailing in its nature, and has blossoms of a pink color. I have not ascertained whether it is a native or has been acclimated to this locality, but at all events it certainly flourishes most profusely, and I shall endeavor to send you some seeds that you may determine any difference in the flower.

Respectfully, J. R. M. VANCE.

Philadelphia, 7th M. 17th, 1860.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CALMNESS OF POLITICS.—The quiet state of the political world the present summer is unexampled, almost, during a Presidential campaign. If it continues it will be a great saving of time, money and orators' lungs. And why not?—Cannot the people make up their minds as well how to vote when cool and unexcited, as when worked up to frenzy by a forty-politician speech power, with music and fireworks thrown in?

NORTH CAROLINA.—It would appear from a recent account of a little difficulty between two of the candidates for Governor, that one of the questions in the canvas in this State, relates to the "taxing of tin cups." At this distance, we do not understand the merits of the question, and how the parties stand upon it. If it bids fair to become a "national" question, of course we shall lose no time in investigating its merits.

GEORGIA.—In Georgia, a plurality of votes does not elect Presidential electors, as in most other States. The law of that State, on this subject, requires that to be elected, the ticket must receive a *majority* of all the votes cast. If a majority of the ticket, say six or more, have received a majority of all the votes cast, then these six or more shall elect the remainder of the ticket. If at least six do not receive a majority of all the votes, then it becomes necessary for the Legislature to elect the whole ticket.

DELAWARE.—A Bell and Everett electoral ticket has been put in the field by a large Convention.

TENNESSEE.—The Nashville Banner announces that Hon. M. P. Gentry, Hon. Charles Ready, Hon. Barclay Martin, and Sterling R. Cockrill, of Tennessee, have left the Bell and Everett ranks, and declared for Breckinridge and Lane.

WASHINGTON.—Messrs. Taylor, of Louisiana, Pugh, of Ohio, and Rust, of Arkansas, in behalf of the Douglas National Executive Committee, have issued an address to the Democracy of the United States.

Declaring, as the universal sentiment of the supporters of Douglas and Johnson, that no compromise whatever is admissible, and that they have made no proposition for a joint electoral ticket in any State. They exhort the rejection of such propositions, indignantly, whenever and wherever made.

"If," they say, "we have any friends in any State, let them call a State Convention at once, and nominate a full Electoral Ticket, pledged to the exclusive support of Douglas and Johnson—we can agree to nothing else, because, to acknowledge the right of a factious minority to dictate their own terms of co-operation, and suffer them to violate the solemn professions of the Democratic party, and trample under foot our Democratic usages, would be to disband the National organization."

NEW YORK.—The Houston State Convention met at Schenectady, and nominated Sam. Houston for President, and Com. Stockton, of New Jersey, for Vice President. The Committee on Electors reported that they had elected only a partial Electoral ticket.

The Chairman denounced such a ticket as a gross insult to Mr. Houston and his friends, and retired from the Convention, with some other delegates.

After some severe personal abuse between the three or four persons present, the convention broke up in a sort of indiscriminate row.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Richard J. Haldeman, Esq., the Pennsylvania member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, has issued an address protesting against the action of the State Central Committee in relation to uniting the Electoral ticket, and calling for a mass and delegate Convention to meet at Harrisburg on the 26th, when a pure Douglas Electoral ticket will be formed.

THE Hon. John Hickman (Anti-Lecompton Democrat,) has declared for Lincoln, Hamlin, and Curtin.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.—The following statement of the present condition of the Democratic newspapers, is from the New York Herald:—

	Breckinridge.	Douglas.	Houston.
North,	50	177	3
South,	210	75	2
Total,	260	252	5

NEW JERSEY.—There are thirteen daily papers published in New Jersey; of these eight are for Lincoln; one for Bell; two for Douglas; and two for Breckinridge. The whole number of weekly journals is sixty-six; of which Lincoln has twenty-five; Bell one; Douglas thirteen; Breckinridge seven; and twenty are neutral.

MISSISSIPPI.—Senator Brown, of Mississippi, having read Mr. Breckinridge's letter of acceptance, now declares his purpose to take no part in the fight, as he says there is no practical difference in the positions taken by the two Democratic candidates.

AUGUST ELECTIONS.—General elections will take place on the first Monday in August, in the following States:—Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas; in Tennessee on the first Thursday, and in North Carolina on the second Thursday.

MARYLAND.—The Douglas wing of the State Democratic Executive Committee met on the 19th, and adopted an address to the people of the State. It does not recognize the Breckinridge wing of the party.

OREGON.—The last advices state that it is generally conceded that the Democratic candidate to Congress is elected by a small majority, and that the Legislature is so fixed as to render certain the defeat of Senators Lane and Smith.

The Democratic papers, however, contend that no Republican Senator can be elected, and intimate that the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton members will compromise, so as to ensure both Democratic Senators with moderate sentiments.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Mobile Register, of the 14th, says:

"The New Orleans papers contained a dispatch, three days since, from our city, to the effect that 103 negroes had been safely delivered, per schooner, to persons in this vicinity. It's a true bill, we hear. The sons of Africa were brought here, delivered to a steamboat, and are now, we take it for granted, safe, and are no likely to undergo what the imported darkies so detest—*deportation*. Whoever conducted this affair, has our congratulations on his or their success, as the case may be, whether the Africans came from the Gold Coast via Key West, or whether they made a straight-out trip by the shortest route from their native land. We take it that the trade is to all intents and purposes, opened."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Africa and Canada bring advices to the 11th. The news is not very important.

It was reported that Garibaldi had marched on Messina previous to the 6th inst.

In the House of Commons, recently, Lord John Russell expressed the satisfaction of the Government at the recall of General Harney from the command at San Juan, it being a manifestation of the desire of the American Government to preserve the present good feeling existing between the two countries.

The siege of Naples has been raised and the Constitution of 1848 proclaimed. The Press laws of 1848 will be re-established. The Neapolitan Chambers have been convoked to meet in September. The National Guard is also provisionally re-established. Naples was tranquil.

There are conflicting reports prevalent concerning the negotiations of an alliance between Naples and Piedmont.

It is asserted that the most violent pressure was being exercised by the French Emperor on both the Courts of Naples and Turin for the enforcement of a confederation equally repugnant to the one and the other.

The semi official Opinione of Turin, in reference to the proposed alliance with Naples, says: "The Ministry firmly adhere to the National principle, and refuses to enter into any engagement which might carry them away from the line of policy they have always followed. It is necessary to tranquilize into order to neutralise the activity of diplomatists, who think that Piedmont, to save the Neapolitan dynasty, should adhere to the proposed alliance. Such an alliance is inadmissable, on account of the opposition of public opinion.

The Independence Belge says that Piedmont has placed conditions on the acceptance of the alliance with Naples which are equivalent to a refusal. For instance, the Government has demanded that the Neapolitan Government not only recognize the annexation of the Romagna, but the probable annexation of the Marches and of Umbria. The relations between the Court of Naples and the Holy See under such a course impossible.

HORRIBLE CRUELTIES.—As at Catania, the Neapolitans exhibited during the struggle inconceivable traits of ferocity, which proceeded evidently from superior orders. By care of the municipality, a list has been drawn up of the names of offending individuals assassinated in the interior houses that were kept closed.—Among them are women, children and strangers, and the number is more than 600! The details are horrible.

In the autientic *proces verbal* communicated to each of his colleagues, and a copy of which I have before my eyes, the Swiss Consul-General relates that, having set himself to look after one of his countrymen, a wine merchant, whose wife and children had been massacred, and whom, individually, they had taken off to torture at their ease, he came to a convent of White Benedictines, and that he there beheld the still smoking ruins of the building covering a heap of calcined bodies. The soldiers had shut up all the neighboring inhabitants that had fallen into their hands, in the refectory of the convent, and had burnt them alive. Horror-struck, the Swiss Consul went to express his indignation to Gen. Lanza, who told him that he lied, and had him shown the door.

The subsidy promised by France for laying the Submarine Telegraph to the United States, is an interest of 7 per cent. during fifty years on 15,000,000 francs.

Advices to London had confirmed the report of the massacre of Christians at Lebanon.

There is said to be a strong and growing desire in London, since the volunteer review, on the part of the working classes, to raise volunteer corps of their own.

THE CROPS.—The weather had taken such a turn for the better, that good grain crops were anticipated—and the grain market became again languid.

☞ GOOD INTENTIONS.—God takes men's hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, when they have not the power to fulfill it; but he never took the bare deed instead of the will.—*Baxter.*

☞ The other-in-law is the person in the household who attends to the preserves and the pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

☞ *Porter's Spirit of the Times* has an account of a dreadful old fellow who "would rather tell a lie on six months' credit, than tell the truth for cash!"

☞ A great many surmises have been formed about the oil that is being found below the surface of the earth in Pennsylvania. We suppose it has been put there by Nature to grease the axis that the earth turns upon.

☞ One of the sad celebrities of Parisian folly and vice, quitting, at daybreak, with her companions, a restaurant wherein they had spent the night in riotous feasting, pointed toward the rising sun, and sardonically exclaimed,

"Now for a visit to the Morgue! It is my usual morning's walk."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated one of the party, "what takes you to the Morgue?"

"Curiosity. I go to see if I am not there!"

☞ When a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature, and secondly, because it is out of his practice.

☞ "Never be cast down by trifles," said Dr. Spooner; but, soon after being thrown upon his back by treading upon a piece of orange peel, he has slightly modified his advice.

☞ To feel terribly beaten is a good sign; the more resources a man is conscious of, the deeper he will feel his defeat. But to feel unusually elated at a victory, indicates that our strength did not warrant it, that we had gone beyond our resources. The boy who went crowing all day through the streets on having killed a squirrel with a stone, showed plain enough that it was not a general average of his throwing, and that he was not in the habit of doing so well; while the rifleman picks the hawk from the distant tree without remark or comment, and feels vexed if he miss.

☞ A man of a philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

☞ A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt, in particular, visited him twice each year, and stayed six months each time.

☞ Put this and that together. The Springfield Republican says, "We do not believe there is one case in a thousand of a fall from virtue, in married life or out of it, in which the man is not primarily and mainly to blame." Somebody else says, "A sour-faced wife fills the tavern." Much truth in both.

☞ The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.—July 4, 1776.

When it was certain that the Declaration would be adopted, and confirmed by the signatures in Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the State House bell which bore the inscription, 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof!' and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the hall to await the instruction of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot-action rushed out, and flinging up his hands, shouted *Ring!* 'RING! RING!

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker's town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot-blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sate the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,—
Which, though simple it might be,—
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

At the portal of the State House,
Like some beacon in a storm,
Round which waves are wildly beating,
Stood a slender boyish-form;
With his eyes fixed on the steeple,
And his ears agape with greed
To catch the first announcement
Of the "signing" of the deed.

Aloft, in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and grey;—
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bells
When his eye could catch the signal,
The happy news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with sharp, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"*Ring!*" he shouts, "Ring! *Grandpa!*
Ring! oh! Ring for *Liberty!*"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron-music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumined the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives,—forever young.
And while we greet the sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, twixt the earth and sky,
Rung out Our Independence;
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Among the persons of distinction who composed the highest society of Paris, in 1810, none were more conspicuous than the Austrian ambassador, Prince Carl von Schwartzenberg, and his family. The prince himself, a handsome, stately man, dignified, yet popular and easy in his bearing, distinguished both in the council-chamber and in the field, was a really imposing representative of his imperial master. Not less remarkable was his charming princess; a rare intelligence, grace, fascination, and sincere amiability, all combined to fit her for her brilliant position. The prince and princess held at their magnificent Hotel de Legation, Rue de Mont Blanc, a court—in all but its name and tedious ceremonials. Here French and Germans met on common ground, unfettered by the uneasiness, restraint, and smothered suspicion which darkened the atmosphere of St. Cloud. Here, on the contrary, there seemed to be good-will and friendliness for all—a moral sunshine in which even strangers gladly came to bask. To those who were admitted to any degree of intimacy with the family, the source of this pervading light and warmth remained no secret. Beneath the splendors of the Hotel de Legation there flourished all the simple virtues of household affections. Husband and wife loved each other tenderly, as it was not the fashion for French husbands and wives to love in those days; a charming family was growing up about them; they had a circle of valued household friends. Prince Joseph von Schwartzenburg, the ambassador's elder brother, had also taken up his residence in Paris. The brothers were deeply attached to each other; their children had the same masters, and lived like brothers and sisters together; each family shared and heightened the other's pleasures. No wonder that, amid the false glitter of the Empire, this home-happiness—quiet, pure, and true—should have exercised a subtle charm on those who came within its influence.

Of all the festivities which had taken place in honor of the nuptials of Marie Louise, that of the Hotel de Legation was to be the crown. It was not considered simply as a ball given by the ambassador; it was the fete of Austria herself, in honor of a daughter of the House of Hapsburg. Every Austrian in Paris felt himself personally compromised in the success of this entertainment, which was to be on a scale of far greater magnificence than any which had preceded it. If Austria had been forced to lay down her arms on the field of Wagram, here at least France should confess herself vanquished. The fete was to take place on the 1st of July, and for weeks beforehand, an army of workmen were employed in the necessary preparations. As the time drew near, they worked in relays, day and night. Indeed, those whose turn fell in the night were more fortunate than their brethren, for the heat by day was intense; the paint blistered the wood-work, the stone-blocks glowed under that burning sun. Scarcely a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the foliage withered in every direction, as if under the breath of a simoon; the turf and boughs required for decoration had to be kept fresh by artificial means. The hotel itself, it was thought, would not be large enough for the occasion, so the mansion next door to it was hired, and the two buildings thrown into one. But the grand ball-room, a palace in itself for size and magnificence, was erected of solid wood-work in the garden. Its roof and walls, covered on the outside with waxed cloth, were decorated in the interior with tapestry, and all the resources of upholstery and taste expended in the arrangement of mirrors, candelabra, colored lamps, and every kind of dazzling ornament. The roof, which was dome shaped, was supported by wooden pillars covered with white satin damask, striped in gold and silver, and festooned with muslin, gauze, and other light fabrics, bound by wreaths of artificial flowers. Massive glass-lustres swung on gold and silver chains from the roof, and were combined in one graceful and harmonious whole with the other decorations, by means of floating draperies, flowers, and ribbons. At one end of this pavilion rose a dais, carpeted with cloth of gold, on which two throne-chairs were placed for the Emperor and his bride; at the opposite end, was a gallery for the orchestra. There were three entrances to the ball-room, besides that for the musicians at the back of the orchestra—one behind the dais, communicating with the mansion; another into a wide, lofty gallery, temporary like the ball-room, and decorated to match it; this gallery ran parallel with the hotel, and had several doors communicating with it and with the gardens. But the principal entrance to the ball-room was a magnificent portal, from which a flight of broad steps led down into the gardens, where every arrangement had been made to facilitate the ingress and egress of the crowd of guests.—Over the portal shone in illuminated letters the following inscription, in German, which some friend of Prince Schwartzenberg, inspired evidently by the muse who presides over mottoes for crackers and bonbons, improvised for the occasion:

With gentle Beauty's charm is glorious Valor bound!
All hail! the golden age again on earth is found!

So rose the light graceful structure, as by the wand of some architectural Ariel; it looked, with its gold-worked tapestries, the bridal whiteness of the diaphonous draperies, the lustre and color afforded by silver, gold, flowers, mirrors, chandeliers, and costly ornaments of every description, as if it had been transplanted out of the Thousand and One Nights. There was only one calamity to be dreaded; that long, low bank of cloud in which the sun had set on the last of June looked ominous enough; what if the rain should pour down in torrents next day, as fete-givers and fete-goers know too well it seems to take a malicious pleasure in doing on such occasions? What would become of the ball-room and all its magnificence then. Fortunately, the 1st of July set all fear of such a provoking *contre-temps*, at rest; the sun blazed out of a sky without a cloud. Every preparation was happily complete, and with the comfortable certainty that not the smallest detail had been overlooked which would add distinction to so grand a festivity, the ambassador, his family, and friends betook themselves to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

It was still broad daylight when the Hotel de Legation was illuminated, and already in quick, and still quicker succession, the carriages of the guests rolled between the crowd which lined the streets. A grenadier detachment of the Imperial Guard had betimes occupied the posts assigned them. The Austrian nobility were in readiness to receive the arrivals, and every lady was presented with a beautiful bouquet before being conducted to the ball-room, now rapidly filling. The rank and dignity of the guests increased with every minute; Kings and Queens had already been announced, and now there was a pause of expectancy. At length the word of command to the troops, then the roll of drums, the crash of military music, announced the approach of the Imperial State-carriage. The two families of Schwartzenberg and Metternich received the Emperor and Marie Louise. After a short congratulatory address from the Ambassador, and when the Empress had accepted a bouquet from the princely ladies, her husband, taking her hand, conducted her to the ball-room. Many persons who had a near view of Napoleon for the first time, remarked the regular beauty of his features, but all were struck with the fixed, iron character of his face. His deportment was stern and unbending, almost that of a man in some fit of ill-humored sullenness. Not a gleam of kindliness in the eye—its glance darting straight forward like that of an eagle on its prey; not even a forced smile played upon those inflexible lips, which seemed as if they could only open to utter some terrible command. Napoleon declined the refreshments offered, and promenaded with the Empress through the reception-rooms, galleries, and ball-room in an abstracted manner, negligently addressing a few words here and there, and casting quick, sharp glances over the brilliant throng. They shrank almost visibly from his gaze. That stern, dark presence spread an indefinable gloom over this grand festival; it was much like the appearance of some schoolmaster, infinitely more feared than loved, among a troop of children enjoying themselves at a puppet-show.

This feeling weighed upon the guests as they silently followed the Imperial couple through the illuminated gardens. What was lacking in mirth, however, music did her best to supply, for bands, both instrumental and vocal, were stationed at different spots, who burst into choral songs and symphonies at the approach of the Emperor. The Austrians had prepared a flattering surprise for Marie Louise. Seats placed upon a lawn invited Napoleon and herself to rest; and here an exact model of the familiar castle of Saxenberg, brilliantly illuminated, presented itself to her eyes; while there emerged from the shrubberies, a troop of opera-dancers in the costume of Austrian peasants, who went through the national dances of her country. Then followed a pantomimic war and peace, where Mars displayed nothing more formidable than the honors of victory, and Peace came attended by every image of happiness and prosperity. This was hardly over when a great flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of a courier, who, booted, spurred, and covered with dust, presented his dispatch to the Emperor. A murmur of some conquest in Spain ran through the assembly, but Napoleon, who was in the secret, proclaimed the correspondence to be from Vienna, and presented the Empress with a *bona fide* letter from her father, written purposely to grace this occasion. After a display of fireworks, the company returned to the grand ball-room and the Emperor having paused at the portal to spell out the meaning of the German Alexandrines, took his place with his bride on the dais, and the orchestra struck up.

The ball was opened by the Queen of Naples with Prince Esterhazy, and Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, with the Princess Schwartzenberg.—While the dancing was going on, the imperial couple promenaded the room in opposite directions, conversed slightly with different persons, and gave an opportunity for the presentation of strangers, and those younger members of French and Austrian nobility who made their début into society at this grand fete. Marie Louise soon resumed her seat, but Napoleon remained at the other end of the pavilion, conversing first with one, then with another. The Princess Schwartzenberg presented her young daughters to him, and received his compliments on the magnificence of the arrangements. The Princess felt while she listened to them that all anxieties and fears with regard to the entertainment might now fairly be laid aside; never could ball-room present a more brilliant spectacle, never could fete promise a grander success. The hearts of both host and hostess grew light as they saw Napoleon in the best possible humor, evidently bent upon being polite after his fashion. It was now past midnight; the revelry was at its height; the whirl of the dance had completely broken the *gene* of the great conqueror's presence. Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, kings and queens, were all enjoying themselves like ordinary mortals. There were silvery laughter, sweet low voices, and glances still more sweet and eloquent; plenty of whispering and flirtation going on under cover of the music, especially in the less thronged galleries among the younger portion of the assembly. Tiarsed ladies, and bestarred and beribboned gentlemen, verging upon fifty, but successfully got up to seem twenty years younger, were looking forward with gentle anticipation to the supper, lying in state of gold and silver in a suite of banqueting rooms. Some of the guests were proud of their jewels, their wit, or their grace; some women were proud of their own beauty, others of the beauty of their daughters; but not an Austrian peasant was there who was not proud of the ball; and well they might be. Under those snowy draperies, the light fell full and brilliant on such an assembly as Paris has hardly gathered since; jewels flashed, plumes waved, decorations glittered, to be multiplied infinitely in countless mirrors—the magnificent pavilion showed like one vast restless sea of splendor. Vague forebodings are rife in the minds of men, but why should they enter here? what room here for a thought of broken faith—a sigh for the cast-off wife of Malmaison—why should a dark fancy see in the cold, shrinking girl on the dais an image of Iphigenia at the altar? Away with all ill-timed fancies! The orchestra strikes up a waltz; gayer, louder is the music; quicker, and still more quick the measure of the dance.

There is a slight stir at that end of the ball-room where Napoleon is standing: the merest trifle—the flame from one of the lamps has laid hold of a gauze festoon. The light harmless-looking blaze has vanished instantly; a few flakes fall, which Count Bentheim extinguishes with his hat. It is quite over now—no, not quite; that is fire creeping there along that drapery overhead. Quick as thought, Count Damanion, one of the Emperor's chamberlains, climbs a pillar, tears it down, and crushes out the flame in a moment. But look there—higher than any one can reach, what are those fiery tongues darting out from the fluted muslin straight over the orchestra? The music was hushed at once; the band hurrying to escape by the door leading into the gardens, at the back of the orchestra, gave free passage to the night-air. A rising wind blew very freshly in, and fanned the flames into instant fury. Wave after wave of fire surged over the whole roof; burning fragments were falling everywhere on the light draperies below and the ladies' dresses. The Emperor had at once made his way to the dais; some of his attendants, bewildered by the sudden alarm, suspected treachery, and pressed closely round him, their swords drawn in their hands. He himself was perfectly calm and composed; attended by the ambassador, with the Empress on his arm, he left the pavilion with no more haste than he had entered it, exhorting the crowd, as he passed along, to keep order. On the first alarm, Prince Schwartzenberg had despatched an adjutant to order the imperial carriage to a private gate into the gardens near at hand; but Napoleon, when this was nearly reached, turned suddenly round, and refused in the most peremptory manner to leave by any but the principal entrance. His decision was no doubt formed under the idea that if this accident were connected with a design upon his life, the narrowness and seclusion of the by-street into which the other gateway opened would favor the plans of conspirators. The carriage had to be ordered back, and thus a cruel delay arose for Prince Schwartzenberg, waiting with death in his heart beside Napoleon, who remained silent and unmoved, the Empress trembling on his arm, the din of that dreadful tumult in their ears, the glare of the conflagration increasing every moment. Not more than one minute had passed between the first alarm and the Emperor's departure, yet the flames had spread with such frightful rapidity that it was already impossible to save the ball-room. Tolerable composure had been hitherto maintained, but the restraint of Napoleon's presence withdrawn, every consideration gave way, and in agony and violence the tumultuous multitude pressed towards the doors.

One of the German guests thus describes the scene. "I had escaped," he says, "from the oppression and heat of the ball-room into the gallery, which was far less crowded. On a sudden, wild shrieks and tumult arose. Rushing back to the pavilion, I saw the roof one mass of quivering flames, leaping and spreading in every direction. There was no time, however, to look on; a surging crowd drove me back with them into the hotel. I disengaged myself from them, and regained the scene of the accident through the gardens. The immense pavilion was now in a universal blaze; the flames actually seemed to pursue the stream of fugitives. Heavy lustres were falling; planks, boards, and beams dashed burning together. The wood work, exposed as it had been to the sun, the paint and draperies, were burning like fireworks, and all the water poured on from the fire-engines seemed to have no effect whatever upon the fury of the flames. While I stood looking on a for a few seconds, they darted high above the roof of the gallery; heavy beams were falling close behind me, and I was obliged to escape while there was yet time into the gardens. Never can I forget the spectacle there presented, that dreadful confusion of personal danger, fear, and agony. Some were rushing about, their light dresses on fire; others had been thrown down and trampled under foot. Husbands were seeking their wives, mothers crying frantically for their daughters; groans of suffering, shrieks of terror, the [illegible] themselves with passionate joy into each other's arms, the wail of agony, the heart-rending appeals for help; all mingled in a horrible diapason." Many persons were severely injured by the flight of [illegible] from the principal [illegible] way suddenly. The queens [illegible] Westphalia were both thrown down narrowly escaped being trampled to death. The Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, was rescued with great difficulty by his friends; other hands, less friendly, cut all the diamond buttons off his coat. Every distinction of rank was suddenly levelled in that assembly; stars, ribbons, nay, majesty itself, were jostled by servants, soldiers, and workmen; the firemen, half intoxicated, pushed their way through the crowd; royal ladies were elbowed by musicians and opera-dancers; and as a background to this scene of confusion, rose higher, fiercer, more general every moment, the terrible conflagration, paling and mocking the illuminations of the gardens. The hotel itself had now caught fire; the alarm had spread everywhere; and the streets were thronged with people crying out that half Paris would be burned down.

The saddest part of the story remains still to be told. When the fire broke out, Prince Joseph von Schwartzenberg was standing in conversation with the Empress. His first care was for his wife, the Princess Pauline, whom he had left only a few minutes before in another part of the room. He searched the ball room for her in vain, and was assured by several persons that she was already in the gardens; there many people declared they had seen her carried, fainting, indeed, but otherwise uninjured, into the hotel. Prince Joseph eagerly repaired thither, but only to find a lady, a perfect stranger to him, who remarkably resembled his princess. Hurrying back in an agony, his daughter, frightfully burnt, was brought to him; the princess had gained the gardens in safety, but returned for her child; they were escaping together, when a mass of blazing wood-work fell, and separated them. This was all the poor girl had to tell. At this moment, the torturing presentiment which had laid hold of the unhappy husband passed through every degree, and certainty flashed upon his mind with a light more fearful than that of the conflagration. As he approached the pavilion, his eye fell upon an ominous sight—the Princess von Leyen, her rich dress hanging in fragments, the diadem she had worn burnt deeply into her forehead. She had only been rescued from the flames to linger a few days in suffering; and alas! those who had brought her out told that they had seen a figure in the midst of the fire whom it was impossible to save. On hearing these words, Prince Joseph broke away from his friends, and would have rushed up the burning steps, when floor and ceiling crashed into one ruin, volumes of raging fire and smoke poured forth, and—all was over.

So swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute, this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupified before it, the Emperor, in his well-known grey coat, suddenly reappeared among them. Under his orders, the strangers present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive room, on which the fire had seized, were conveyed into a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smouldering ruins carefully searched. Prince Joseph hovered about, appearing now in the gardens, now in the different apartments, ready to sink from exhaustion, yet roused into activity through his restless anguish. Even Napoleon found pity for the unhappy man; he joined his friends in trying to persuade him to withdraw, and addressed a few words of encouragement and hope to him from time to time. But the presence and words of the Emperor made no impression on his stubborn despair; he had no ear save for the death-cry in his heart, and for the reports—always the same—of the messengers sent hither and thither on their hopeless quest.

Not till the fire had been got well under did Napoleon return to St. Cloud. He left behind him a thousand soldiers of the Imperial Guard, who bivouacked there for the night, and sat down to the sumptuous banquet prepared for very different guests. As if no element of horror were to be wanting, towards the morning a fearful thunder storm broke over the smoking ruins. The rain now fell in torrents, and served to extinguish the fire completely.—Where the sun had set on that palace ball-room, he now rose over a hideous heap of ruins, charred beams, shattered masonry, broken furniture, mirrors, and porcelain; every chance hollow was a pool of stagnant water. Fragments of lustres, swords, bracelets, and other ornaments lay fused together in masses. Nor was this all: under a pile of half-burned wood-work, a corpse was discovered, blackened and shrivelled almost out of human form. It could only be identified as that of the missing princess by a jewelled necklace, on which the names of her eight children were engraved; a ninth, yet unborn, perished with the ill-fated wife and mother. At this saddest of all sights, every voice was hushed; tears stood in the eyes of all, even in those of the soldiers; and at the moment, the last thunders of the storm, two heavy claps, rolled solemnly overhead.

Dismal days succeeded this catastrophe. A universal gloom overspread Paris. There were dark whispers of conspiracy, incendiarism—reports that the enemies of Napoleon had resolved by one bold stroke to rid themselves of the obnoxious ruler, his family, and his devoted friends. The obsequies of the Princess Pauline von Schwartzenberg were followed by those of the Princess von Leyen, and of several ladies of high rank, who died in consequence of injuries received. More than twenty persons lost their lives; the number of those more or less hurt was upwards of sixty. The deep and unwholesome impression produced on the public mind was unmistakable—an impression which resisted every effort made in high quarters to suppress and divert it. To the bulk of the people, Napoleon's divorce and subsequent marriage had been extremely distasteful; and this, not only because Josephine was universally beloved, but that a superstitious belief had arisen—shared in some degree by her husband himself—that her presence was the good genius of his fortunes. Already there was vague but popular prediction extant, that the dowry of an Austrian archduchess would be bitter misfortunes for France and its chief; and now the memory of the terrible disaster attendant on the nuptials of Marie Antoinette, aunt to the Empress, with the Dauphin, was revived, and the present calamity considered a fresh proof that fate had a fearful warning in store for every alliance of France with the House of Hapsburg. When, within a few years, the divorcer of Josephine was discrowned and forsaken, many prophets, wise after the event, beheld in this fatal festival an omen of the downfall of the imperial fortunes.

GROANERS.

One meets occasionally with men and women who seem to have come into the world to *groan*. Nothing pleases, satisfies or consoles them. No moral sunshine chequers with cheerful light the abysmal gloom of their souls. Take them into the fields on a bright sunny day, when the sweet breath of the tender herbage makes the air a perfume; take them to the brimming brooks, gushing down the upland meadows, and dancing in the eddies to their own jocund music; bid them listen to the feathered philosophers hymning the golden day that *is*, and taking no thought of the cloudy morrow that *may be*; descant to them with a pleasant voice, on the beauty and harmony of the fair world that God has given them to dwell in, and up from the deep depths of their unsympathizing spirits come such a response as you might expect from a yawning grave. They *groan*.

Where there is no fervor there can be no piety; where there is no admiration for, no sympathy with, the glorious works of Nature, there can be no gratitude to Nature's God; therefore, we cannot help thinking that smiling Christians find more favor in the eyes of the Giver of all good things, than groaning Christians. What should we say of the guest at a generous feast, were he to repay his entertainer with sorrowful exclamations? And what are the human family but the guests of a most bounteous host, whose cheerful banquet, spread for us in this vestibule of earth, is but a type of the eternal feast of joy and gladness prepared for the good and *grateful* in the house of many mansions to which it leads? To wear a tristful visage, to sigh, and mope, and moan, while surrounded by the elements of happiness, is discourtesy to heaven. To be light of heart is a Christian's privilege. It is only your fanatics and your hypocrites who *groan*.

☞ The Progress of Civilization.—Stern aunt: "In my time, Miss, the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" Young lady: "Ah, but my dear aunt, you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the under-standing."

☞ The duellist's fear is the fear of being thought to fear.

FEATHER FLOWERS.

Those who are so fortunate as to have in their possession fine feathers can certainly make fine flowers. Have at hand gum in solution, French paper for winding stems, and wire of different sizes. Draw the under side of the feather gently over the edge of your penknife to bend it in the required direction; make a lump of bookbinder's thick paste or wax on the end of a wire for a stalk, and begin your flower by sticking the smallest sized feathers into it for a centre; place other feathers of the same kind, but larger in size, around in order. Choose green feathers for leaves and calyx, and pure white ones for japonicas and white roses. Twist the ends of the same on a wire, and make fast with gum, glue, paste, or other similar adhesive substance. Be careful to select feathers of the same kind for the same flower. Arrange in a vase, and cover to keep free from dust. In this, as in all kinds of fancy work, let taste and neatness govern the process.

It will often be found necessary to color the feathers to give the desired variety of hues; and this can easily be done by attending to the following directions:—Put the feathers into hot water, then drain them; rinse two or three times in clear cold water; place them on a tray, over which a cloth has been spread, before a good fire; as they dry, draw them gently into shape between the thumb and finger.

To Dye Feathers Blue.—Into about two pennyworths of oil of vitriol, mix as much of the best indigo in powder; let it stand one or two days. When wanted for use, shake it well, and into a quart of boiling water put one tablespoonful of the liquid. Stir well, put the feathers in, and let them simmer a few minutes.

Yellow.—Put a tablespoonful of the best tumeric into a quart of boiling water; when well mixed, put in the feathers. More or less tumeric gives different shades.

For *Orange*, add a small quantity of soda to the preparation for yellow.

Pink.—Three good pink saucers to a quart of boiling water, with a small quantity of cream of tartar. If a deep color is required, use four saucers. Let the feathers remain in this dye several hours.

Red.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a quart of boiling water; put in one teaspoonful of prepared cochineal, and then a few drops of muriate of tin. This dye is expensive; therefore use the plumage of the bird ibis.

Lilac.—About two teaspoonfuls of cudbear in a quart of boiling water; let it simmer a few minutes before you put in the feathers. A small quantity of cream of tartar turns the color from lilac to amethyst.

Bunches of orange blossoms can be made with good success in feathers; the buds are to be made of starch and gum mixed; the stamens of ground rice, colored with tumeric, into which the gummed ends of manilla grass have been dipped.

Old ostrich feathers can be made to look as well as new by holding over hot steam, then drawing each vane of the feather separately over a knife to curl it.

THE TRUE ART OF TEACHING.

Prof. John A. Hart, of Philadelphia, a practical teacher, and long connected with educational matters, has delivered a lecture, in the course of which he evolved one grand fundamental fact in the art of teaching which ought to be fixed in the minds of all who undertake the education of youth. This fact is the absolute necessity of arresting and holding attention. Unless the attention of the child, or of the persons to be taught, is secured, little will be learned. Every teacher of youth knows how difficult it is to gain the attention of his or her class, but it is not every teacher who knows how to interest the minds of the pupils and win their attention. The mere commanding of attention cannot produce the desired effect; hence a boisterous exercise of authority, or the resort of different forms of punishment, of a degrading or painful character, are not only inefficient but harmful.

The mind of the child as well as the adult naturally resists compulsion. Coercion is the very worst plan in education. The forcing or "stuffing" system may appear to yield a temporary success, but it is calculated to destroy the powers of attention, and permanent injury to the mind is the result. The giving of long "tasks" to children, or multiplying their studies to create the impression that they are making rapid progress is an error quite too common in our schools. Even the practice of stimulating children in Sabbath-schools, by offer of rewards, to learn weekly a great many verses of Scripture or hymns, is not to be commended. Better give the rewards for learning a little well—for attention to what they are taught.

It ought to be the first and chief aim of every teacher, whether of children or adults, to develope the thinking or reasoning powers. The acquisition of knowledge should be a pleasant exercise. The mind should be taught to seek after information—to inquire into the meaning of what is obscure, and to be satisfied only with a clear and perfect understanding of the subject presented to it. The teacher who can make his pupils think is the only successful teacher. And how few, comparatively, have the happy art of enlisting the attention, and stimulating the faculties of the mind into active exercise?

This subject is indeed, not only one of surpassing importance, but of great comprehensiveness. It cannot be satisfactory treated in one short newspaper article, but if we can induce those engaged in the beneficial work of education to devote more *attention* themselves to the true art of success in the discharge of their duties, we will have accomplished some good. Attention is essential on the part of the teacher to win the attention of those who are taught.

☞ First Irresistible:—"Shan't I present you to her?"

Second Irresistible:—"Aw, no, rather think not. Her father deals in railroad stocks. Don't approve of that kind of investment."

☞ The noblest function of art is to lift the veil from nature.

HYMN OF THE ARCTIC VOYAGERS.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEPARTURE

Of the "Hayes' Expedition."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Father! from our native land,
O'er the wild and warring sea,
Trustful goes our little band,
Placing confidence in Thee.
Soon the chilly Arctic air,
Cold upon our sails will blow,
While the mystic realm we dare,
Of the everlasting snow:
Oh, be with us on our way,
Helping, cheering day by day.

Where the iceberg's ghastly cliffs
Ghostlike o'er the waters rear;
Where the frozen ocean's breast
Round us glistens, waste and drear:
Where no mortal foot hath trod,
Where no verdure meets the eye,
And the chilled and death-cold sod
Lies 'neath snow's eternity:
Father! mid this dang'rous realm,
Fill our sails, and guide our helm.

When our sledge's rapid keel,
O'er the dreary waste of white,
Through the solemn twilight steals,
'Neath the mystic Northern light,
If our hopes should seem to die,
And the chill our heart strings feel,
And the film obscure the eye,
And the death-sleep 'gin to steal,
Then—oh! hear our feeble cry,
Father, save us, or we die.

If upon some ice bound shore,
Where no verdure e'er can wave,
Where the ocean billows roar,
Some of us should find a grave,
Far away from home and friends
Doomed to slumber all alone,
Where no voice, save ocean's, blends
With the North wind's dreary moan:
Father—still with faith in Thee,
Let us lie down peacefully.

On the unknown Northern sea
Should we launch our fragile boat,
Blest and guarded still by Thee,
May the wave worn wand'rers float:
May we ever feel Thee nigh,
On our drear and devious way;
Watching from the Northern sky,
Shine upon us while we pray.
Father! should we reach the goal,
Hear us from the distant pole.

Through the gloom of Arctic night;
'Mid the solemn realms of death;
Let us look to Thee for light;
Let us trust in Thee for breath.
When the last faint sun ray dies,
And earth's darkness doth oppress,
Oh, illume our inner eyes
With the Sun of Righteousness.
Hear us 'mid the polar night,
Thou, who art the source of light.

Guide, oh, guide our little bark
O'er the long, dark, trackless way,
Make her humble hull an ark,
Watched and guarded night and day:
Bring us to our port again;
Waft us safely home from sea;
And the praise o'er land and main,
Shall be Thine, eternally.
Save us, Father, may Thy hand
Guide us to our native land.

But—obedient to Thy will,
Should our vessel meet her doom,—
Whelmed beneath the waters chill
Of that sea of polar gloom,—
May our desolated band,
On life's ocean tossed no more,
Meet Thee in the better land,
All the transient voyage o'er.
Father, should our bark be riven,
Grant us all a home in heaven. T. T.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

ONE MORE DEATH. ANXIOUS THOUGHT.

The church bell at Eastborough was solemnly tolling, as a funeral wound its way from Danesbury House. It was a long procession, all walking; for no carriages were used, by desire of the dead: and indeed the distance was but short. The officiating minister preceded the coffin, which was borne by eight of the Danesbury workmen, its pall being held by eight of the superior overlookers and foremen, Thomas Harding being one. The chief mourners were Arthur and William Danesbury, Viscount Temple, and Mr. St. George; but many others followed, friends and neighbors, and behind them came the long string of dependents. No noise, no busy sounds of labor or of life, arose that day from the Danesbury works: and every house and shop in Eastborough had its shutters closed, to testify respect to him, who was being carried past.

Stealing after it, came groups and groups of women, partly led by curiosity, partly by regret and affection, but, woman-like, they fell into gossip, though the tears were coursing down many of their cheeks.

"It's a good man gone home," said one. "We shall never see another like him."

"Yes, we shall. He has left one behind that will tread in his steps. Mr. Arthur will be his father over again. Only to think of it! but fifteen days, this very day, since poor young Mr. Lionel was laid in the ground! It must have been sudden, like; for Miss Isabel—Lady Temple, that is to say—was only sent for three days before the death."

"The poor old gentleman wanted to go to Mr. Lionel's funeral, but his sons and Mr. Pratt told him he was not equal to it, and at last he listened to them, and consented to stay at home. But when they got in again from the grave, there he was, on the floor. It was not a fit, Mr. Pratt said, he thought he was taken for death. After that he rallied for three or four days, and actually walked out into the garden and sat there, and then he was taken worse, and they telegraphed for Lady Temple."

"He was quite sensible up to the last minute, I heard, and had his speech and senses about him, all clear."

"I heard another thing, I did: that when somebody asked old Pratt what he died of, he said of a broken heart."

"Well, he has had enough to break it. He makes the fourth, taken to the churchyard, all within the year. What do you think?" added the woman, dropping her voice—"he is going to be laid by the side of the first Mrs. Danesbury, not the second."

"How do you know?"

"I do know. My husband heard old Green, the sexton, say so last night, in at the Cock-and-Bottle. There was a vacant space left by the side of the first Mrs. Danesbury, which have never been filled up, and he is to lie there."

Yes. John Danesbury was gone! Gone from a world of care to his recompense above. He could, in truth, say, with old Jacob, that few and evil had the days of his later life been: but he had learned in time to look to One who is a sure refuge.

The dark line wended its slow way along, past the public-houses, closed to-day—past the gin-palace, for once, in its flaring life, quiet and sombre—past the cottage of the ill-fated Lionel—through the churchyard, into the church. When it came out again, there was scarcely space left for it in the churchyard, or for the mourners to gather round the grave; and there was not a dry eye to be seen, there was not a heart but was lifted up in response to the words of the minister, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit: that they may rest from their labors."

Back again at Danesbury House, the solicitor to the family marshalled all whom it might concern into the library, and produced the will. It was sealed with Mr. Danesbury's own private seal, and upon being opened, two letters fell out; one addressed to "My Son Arthur," the other to "My Son William," and were superscribed, "To be read before the will is read."

Each perused his letter in silence, Arthur's face flushing with surprise, William's with emotion. It was supposed by those around, that the letters explained to each the motives which had dictated the will. After the death of Lionel, Mr. Danesbury had cancelled his previous will, and made this; and the letters bore the same date.

"Are you ready?" inquired Mr. Williams, the solicitor.

"Quite," they answered.

"First of all," premised Mr. Williams, "Mr. Danesbury wished me to declare publicly that he had had no adviser in the making of the will, and that no person whatever is privy to its contents, save himself, and I who wrote it." And he began to read.

The spectators listened in silence—some deeming it a strange will. It was found that the whole of the business, and the capital occupied in it, was left exclusively to Arthur. A certain portion of its profits was to be paid yearly to William for five years. At the end of that period he was to be taken into partnership, and receive an equal share, *provided Arthur should deem it expedient.* If Arthur did not, things were to go on as before. There were a few trifling bequests and legacies; and to Katherine Danesbury was secured a suitable annuity, in accordance with her original position in life. Danesbury House, with its furniture, except the plate and pictures, was bequeathed to Arthur, and a sum of ready money to William. The plate was to be equally divided between Arthur and William, and of the pictures Lady Temple also took her share. They both understood, nay, they knew, the motives which had dictated the will: a doubt of what William's future conduct might be; and Mr. Danesbury, in making it, knew that the high honor, the exact justice of Arthur, needed no other guarantee for his performance of the contract, should it be desirable, when the time came to fulfill it. Most earnestly did Arthur hope that William would act so as to enable him to perform it.

Earnestly, also, did William hope it; I am not sure but he prayed for it, as he walked home with his wife that evening. He was striving with all his might to overcome, and the strife was great, greater than he knew well how to battle with. For some little time now, he had been temperate, only taking beer with his dinner, and a glass of wine now and then, or one glass of spirits. The worst was, that in taking a glass of wine or spirits, he invariably longed to take more, and there lay the chief strife.

An afternoon or two before they were to quit Eastborough, Lord and Lady Temple were standing at the drawing-room window of Danesbury House, looking at the dusk of night, which was stealing over the landscape. Isabel was talking, in a low, saddened tone, of many things connected with her old home and her late father. Her husband had drawn her closer to him, and stood with his arm round her waist. At length they began to speak of the will; it had been a fruitful topic of conversation in Eastborough.

"Do you know, Isabel, I cannot yet understand it," he said: "so just, so good a man as your father, to leave his sons so differently provided for!—at any rate for five years."

"I can, unfortunately," replied Isabel. "It has proved to me what I have dreaded to ask—that William has not forsaken his old habit."

"Still, I cannot agree with the will," debated Lord Temple. "Suppose Arthur were not what he is? he might take advantage of William."

"But he is what he is," smiled Isabel, "and my dear father knew it. Otherwise he would never have left it so."

"It is a perfectly just will," called out a voice from the embrasure of the other window, "the will of a just and good man."

"Who's that? William! is that you? We had no idea you were there."

William advanced. "I was here when you came in," he said, "and thought you saw me, but I was buried in unpleasant reveries, and did not interrupt your converse. My father could not have made any other will, Lord Temple," he continued, linking his arm within that of his brother-in-law, so that they all three stood together. "Suppose he had constituted me an equal partner with Arthur; given me co-authority and co-ownership; and I were to squander my substance, and his; run recklessly to work; go the way of Robert and Lionel? Arthur might be ruined long before the five years were up, the trade fallen through, and the works done away with."

"True, true," answered Lord Temple; "I did not look at it in that light."

"It was the kindest will, to me, that my father could have made. He had my true interest at heart; I know he had, and he told me so in the letter."

"Mr. Danesbury was a man who lived but for his children," said Lord Temple. "But, William, you are not going the way of Robert and Lionel."

William heaved a deep sigh. "Sometimes I fear I shall have a difficulty to keep from it."

"But why? Do you doubt your resolution?"

"Yes, I do. I have resolved to be a sober man so many times now, and broken out again, that I begin to fear it."

Isabel's heart beat against her side. She could not bear to hear William say this. Anything was better than for him to lose courage.

"I have not seen you the worse for wine, in the slightest degree, this fortnight that we have been down," remarked Lord Temple, in a gentle tone of encouragement.

"No. I have not exceeded, neither did I for some little time before you came. But I have been cautious for as long as this before, and the temptation has overtaken me again.—If I take but a glass of anything, I crave for more, with a longing positively painful in its intensity. One glass of wine, one glass of spirits, sets me on; and then the desire is almost irrepressible. I may almost add, one glass of beer."

"As it used to be with me," said Lord Temple. "You must do as I have done, William; confine yourself to water."

"But a single glass of anything cannot hurt a man!"

"Not a temperate one, who does not 'crave' for more; but it hurts us, because we do. Rely upon it, William, that, for those who know not how to moderately use, and not abuse good gifts, water is the only safeguard. I remember Arthur making that remark to me years ago, as I now make it to you."

"Do you never take wine?"

"Never," replied Lord Temple. "Since I made my resolution, I have been enabled to keep it. I believe the chief help to my success was the abstaining absolutely; had I tampered with my resolve—'just one glass of wine,' 'just one glass of spirits,'—I should probably have broken down. I could take a glass of wine now with impunity, if I chose, because I am become—both by inclination and habit—a sober man, and I [illegible] lapse from it. But I do not choose. I like to set a good example; and I now prefer water."

"You will [illegible]"

"I do [illegible] better than wine or beer, or any other [illegible] you may please to think of, [illegible] its own sake; use is second nature [illegible]ow."

"Ay," answered William; "there's a true proverb—'Do what you should, that you may do what you like.' Many a time have I rued the day that took my mother from me, for she would have caused me to drink water, as she did Arthur. The last Mrs. Danesbury taught us to dislike it, and to love beer and wine.—Poor Robert and Lionel!"

"You would soon get to like it," said Lord Temple. "*Your taste for wine and beer would die out*—as mine has done. Water, remember, is our natural beverage. Try it, William."

"Perhaps I may," he answered. "They will be 'bitter draughts' at first, though."

"Then fancy it bitter beer," laughed the viscount. "Fancy goes a great way in this world."

Lord Temple left the room as he spoke, and Isabel moved close to her brother, and leaned upon his arm. Her tears were falling.

"Isabel! What is it?"

"Oh, William, I am overwhelmed with apprehension for you!" she said, laying her wet cheek against his. "Surely we have lost enough out of our family, and had enough misery. Let us, who remain, strive to live as we ought, that our days may be prolonged to the consolation of each other! We are but three now."

"Yes," he sadly answered, "we are but three. Seven once, three now."

"Promise me, William; promise me that you will throw off this dreadful fascination!—Do as Reginald has done. Become what he and Arthur are; a temperate man, in the strict sense of the term."

He did not immediately speak.

"Once, near this house, years ago, it was just before I was leaving it, I prayed you to give me a promise; I now pray you again.—Dearest William, for your own sake, I pray you."

"I cannot promise: I do not feel sure of myself, Isabel. I believe I said then I would try—and if I had not tried, and in some degree succeeded, I should, ere this, have been where our brothers are. I will say the same now. I will further try, earnestly try, to put a barrier between my inclination and this sin."

Lord and Lady Temple returned to London, and things went on as usual at Eastborough, Arthur, now Mr. Danesbury, quietly subsiding into his father's place, as the head of all things. The firm would remain as it always had done—"John Danesbury & Sons;" he would not alter that.

On a bright moonlight night, about a month subsequent to the burial of Mr. Danesbury, Arthur, who had been closely confined in the works all day, thought he should be the better for a walk. Putting on his great coat, he strolled towards the town.

It was Saturday night. Into the public-houses streamed the people, in at the swinging doors of the gin-shop, more brilliant than ever; men and boys (they could be called little better) rushing there to drink; while unhappy wives and mothers followed them, pleading in harsh or in piteous tones for some of their wages, ere the provision shops should be shut. Mr. Danesbury stopped one man. He was one of their best workmen.

"Watts, how it it that you cannot make yourselves comfortable at home? It is bad for you in every way, this night drinking; bad for your pocket, and bad for your health. You have a good home; surely you might be content to stay in it."

"Law bless ye, sir! You just step and look at it—if I might make so bold. There's the wife all in a muddle, with a great tub afore the fire, a-washing of the children, and the children a-squalling, and the place all in a steam. After that, she sets on to wash the floor, and nobody won't be able to put a foot on it till it's dry. I can't stop in that mess. But I only take a glass or so, sir; I'm not one of the fast ones."

Arthur had nothing to reply. He went on his way, and the man entered the Cock-and-Bottle. All throughout his walk he saw nothing else; men pouring into the public-houses till they were full of company, whose uproarious mirth and singing reached his ears. He turned down the narrow, retired path which led to the churchyard, and halted at its gate. The night was calm, the scene all peace. The moonlight flickered on the opposite hills, bringing out their light and shade, bringing out the view of his own home; and it rested also on the white tombstones close to him, though the old church, in their midst, looked cold and gray. He opened the gate, and approached the large white marble tomb of the Danesburys, the two more recent deaths but just recorded on it. Arthur read the inscriptions, all of them, one by one; his own mother's was the first, and his father's was the last. He leaned his hands upon its iron railings, and mused.

His thoughts ran, naturally enough, upon the vice of intemperance, and its share in the death of those lying beneath him. Look at what it had done for them! His mother, recalled from her pleasant visit by the drunken mistake of Glisson, sent the same night to her death through the drunken agency of the turnpike man; Glisson himself, who also lay near, a victim to its effects; Robert, the next buried, what Arthur shuddered to think of, both in life and in death; Mrs. Danesbury, hastened thither by her sons' conduct; Lionel just gone, a burden released from the world; and his father's broken heart, laid there before its time!

"If it has brought this amount of evil into one home," thought Arthur, "what must it bring to the world at large? Hundreds are dying daily of it—homes are rendered hells—families are scattered. This very night, in this town close to me, it is raging uncheck[illegible] own workmen are yielding to it; now[illegible] ing themselves into brutes—impove[illegible] their means—wronging their wives and children! How can it be dealt with?"

How, indeed? Many a one is asking question as anxiously as did Arthur Danesbury. An earnest spirit has been abroad of late years, striving to grapple with the evil; and the busy and careless world, who give not their thoughts to these things, would be astonished to learn the good effected by it in connexion with the exertions of the TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES. May they go on, and prosper—may all generous aid be afforded them—and may they find their reward in the fruits they so largely bring forth!

But the good they have accomplished, though astonishingly great, is but little, compared with what has yet to be done; for the vice is as a many-headed monster, who has too long been making fierce way; and it equally behooves individuals, families, and communities, to take the matter up with a will, and give a helping hand.

All these, and many more such reflections, passed through the mind of Arthur Danesbury, as he stood there in the moonlight, leaning over the tomb. How should he deal with the evil; he, in his little sphere at Eastborough? A responsibility was upon him, and was making itself heard; a large body of men were wearing out their lives in his service, receiving fair wages in requital, it is true, but he felt that he was not the less responsible; that he might owe them something else. How to attempt, or what to attempt, he knew not yet; time, and thought, and sound deliberation, must be given to dealing with the evil; to check it wholly, he feared he never should, but he might be able to do something.

Circumstances were against him, and against the men, in the prevalence of beer-shops, and the low price of gin. He could prevent neither; the Legislature allowed both. Liquor was plentiful everywhere; and, as to the places where it was sold, they did, and would, abound. If all the present distillers and large brewers shut up their concerns to-morrow, conscience-stricken at the nature of their trade, the source of their wealth, fresh ones would start the next day in their places. If Arthur himself were rich as the Lydian King, Croesus, and went, money in hand, and bought out the gin-palace man, and the landlords of the public-houses, and the keepers of the beer-shops, and closed the places for ever, it would only lead to fresh ones being forthwith started at the next doors. Unless the world could be turned into a second Utopia, and men worked for love and not for gain, people would be found (and no lack of them) to distil gin, and brew beer, and keep public-houses, and preside in gin-palaces, the law permitting it. Under the present state of affairs, therefore, that was not the way in which Arthur Danesbury could deal with the evil. He knew also that it would be worse than useless to attempt a forced conversion. To say to the man, "You must leave off these debased habits, and take to better," would fall on inattentive ears—*the necessity for the conversion must previously be aroused in their own minds.* They must first be as men awaking out of sleep to find within themselves the higher motive for well-doing. Not only the more humble one of assuring peace in this, their transitory life; but peace also for the one above. They must be led to this gradually, perhaps insensibly, not by violent measures, but gently, step by step. Before anything could be done, it would be necessary to break through their present habits; to make them more moral, more thoughtful; to impart to them somewhat of enlightenment. Raise the mind, and, in due time, the spirit would follow.

Mr. Danesbury remained long in deep deliberation, pacing the churchyard; dim, undefined plans presenting themselves to his thoughts. He was lost to outward things, when footsteps where heard in the lane, and he emerged from the gate; not caring, possibly, to be seen stalking about amid the gravestones, like a wandering ghost. The footsteps proved to be old Thomas Harding's.

"Is it you, Harding? What brings you here?"

"I wanted to find you, sir, and was going the nearest way to Mrs. Philip Danesbury's; for I have been to your house, and they thought you might have gone there."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Danesbury.

"Brown has been to me again, sir," replied Harding; "he is at my house now, and I can't get rid of him, praying and entreating that he may be taken on once more. He says he'll never transgress again, but if he can't get an answer to-night, he'll be off with morning light, and enlist for a soldier. He says he is starving. I thought it right to come and mention it to you, sir, lest he should go. What is to be done?"

"His offence was very bad," said Mr. Danesbury, "but he has a wife and child, poor things. Give him another chance, Harding. He may come on Monday morning."

"I thought perhaps you would, sir. I'm sure you are very lenient to them. Brown says he had been drinking when he did it, and was not in his senses."

"No doubt," cried Mr. Danesbury; "drink is the cause of most bad actions. Harding, my mind was directed to this very point, when you came up. To-night, as I walked through the streets, the men—our men—were at the public-houses in swarms, drinking away their intellects and their wages. Something ought to be attempted to check it—something shall be."

"Who by, sir?"

"By me. I feel that the responsibility rests upon me."

"Nothing in the world can be done, sir, let your will be ever so good. There are the public-houses, and the men will go to them."

"Yes, I see great difficulties, even in the attempt."

"When a man has been at work all day, he wants some sort of amusement or recreation, sir," resumed Thomas Harding. "He can't get that at home—speaking of the generality of the men. Their wives are bad managers, the room is not comfortable, the fire's low, or out. There's no society for them there, except a scolding wife and crying children."

"Nearly the very words that Watts answered me with to-night," returned Mr. Danesbury. "I met him going into the Cock-and-Bottle, and told him he would be better at home. Everything was uncomfortable there, he replied, and he was driven out."

"It is so," answered Thomas Harding. "Some few are differently situated, have superior women for wives, who make home a pleasant place for them to return to; and a sprinkling are gifted with intellect and thought beyond their station, and have their evening pursuits, their books, and their newspapers, and such like; but, take the workmen as a body, sir, their home is the public-house when the day's work is done. They have no resources within themselves—even if home were what it ought to be, they would be dull in it—out they must, and will go; and there's no hope but what they always will go out. They might be chained in, but they'll never stop in otherwise; no, they would not for you, sir, much as they look up to you. Some of them, I truly believe, would lay down their lives to serve you, Mr. Arthur, but you'll never get them to stop in doors after work. Look at the Literary Institution that your good father gave himself such pains to set up, hoping it might keep the men from the tap-rooms. Who goes to it? There's a good room for them, well lighted, and warmed in winter, books, and what not; but do they take advantage of it? No, sir; it's deserted; there's not half a dozen in it, I'll be bound to answer, any night all through the year, taking one night with another."

"If we could but close some of the public-houses!" exclaimed Mr. Danesbury. "Since I have sat on the bench, I have been chary of granting licences, but my brother magistrates are less so, and my voice is only one among many. I wish I could shut up that gin-shop."

"Sir," said Harding—and his words only carried out some of his master's previous thoughts—"if you shut up that, another would open. I was talking last week to the man who keeps it, and told him it was doing harm, for its blaze of light enticed people in, to drink. He answered—he is a civil, decent man, in spite of his trade—that it was not the traffic he followed by choice; but that, if he gave it up, a hundred would be found ready to drop into it, so he might as well keep it himself, and pocket the profits: folks did drink, and would drink, to the end of the chapter. And so they will, sir."

"Ay; although they know the curse it is to them."

"It is a curse, both to rich and poor," returned Thomas Harding. "I saw Mr. William in one of the houses as I came along," added the old man, lowering his voice.

"No!" uttered Mr. Danesbury.

"I did, sir. I went to the Ram, to ask why my Saturday's paper had not been left, and the waiter opened the door of the gentlemen's parlor as I stood there, and I saw Mr. William inside, with a steaming glassful before him. My heart stood still: I could have found in it to go and pull him out: I have had such hopes of him lately."

Arthur could not answer; he was too pained to answer. He also had been cherishing hopes of his brother.

"Well, sir, I'll go back to Brown, and tell him," cried Harding. "Good-night, sir."

He turned to retrace his steps up the narrow lane towards the town; and Arthur Danesbury slowly pursued the path, which lay round and round the churchyard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OVERCOMING.

William Danesbury was alone in his drawing room, on the evening mentioned in the last chapter, when a servant opened the door to introduce a visitor.

"Mr. Bell, sir."

William had his head bent over some plans and drawings on the table, in which he was making corrections. He turned to receive his guest.

It was a large farmer, residing near Eastborough. The Danesburys were executing some orders of his, for agricultural implements, and he had come to inquire on what day one of the machines could be delivered to him. William did not know, but said the overlooker of the department might be able to tell.

"Where can I find him?" asked the farmer.

"He lives close by. I will go with you. Will you take anything first?"

"Well, I don't care if I do take a glass of brandy-and-water, to keep the cold out on my ride home," was Mr. Bell's answer.

William was vexed at this. Since the conversation with Lord Temple, now three weeks ago, he had *kept to water*, and did not much relish the temptation, that brandy on his own table would induce. However, there was no help for it, and he went to the cellar and brought up a bottle of brandy, which happened to be the last he had in the house. The servant appeared with hot water and glasses.

"Hey! don't you drink yourself?" cried the farmer, perceiving that, though he was sipping his, William took none.

"You must excuse me to-night. I do not feel well."

William sat by, the fumes of the brandy under his nose, and his very lips watering for it. He took out his handkerchief and held it to his mouth with his elbow on the table, his face resolutely turned from the bottle. The inward strife was great; far greater than the reader, if he be a man of sobriety, can picture. The temptation was sorely close to him; hardly, by his utmost will, could he keep his hands from stretching out for the brandy, and their veins tingled with imposed self-restraint.

Perspiration broke out over his head and face. *Could* he hold out? "Lord, be Thou my helper!" he inwardly breathed, "for of my own strength I cannot withstand."

The farmer mixed another glass, and, when he had finished it, rose, and said he was ready. William put the cork in the bottle and placed it on the sideboard, not having touched the brandy; and went out with Mr. Bell. So far, victory.

The overlooker was not at home; he was gone to the "Ram," to take his glass and smoke his pipe. Very much indeed did William Danesbury dislike to accompany Mr. Bell there: but, again, there was no help for it; for it would have been neither courteous nor business like to suffer him to proceed alone.

When he and Mr. Bell entered the Ram, an inn of rather a superior class, the first in Eastborough, several gentlemen, whom William knew, were in the parlor; among them was Mr. Laughton, once poor Lionel's great friend.

"It's never you!" sarcastically exclaimed Laughton, addressing William. "I heard you had joined the teetotallers, and were coming out in a medal and blue ribbon."

William winced: he was not yet sufficiently self-reliant to take these jokes with equanimity. He sat down in the midst of the temptation—the terrible temptation; that, at home, was nothing to it. Glasses of ale were on the table; glasses of hot rum and water, the slices of lemon swimming in it; glasses of strong-flavored gin; glasses of real cognac brandy; and the fragrant steam, from all, ascended around, intoxicating William Danesbury's senses, before a drop had passed his lips. Laughton gave a quiet order, and William, on looking down, saw a glass of brandy-and-water, placed before him by the waiter.

"Now, if you have not signed the pledge and cut us all dead, I recommend you to topple up that," said Laughton. "You never tasted better brandy than this. It's a fresh lot they have got in, direct from France—it has the true Champagne flavor."

"Come, Mr. William Danesbury," cried the farmer, "you shirked it at home, but you can't refuse to drink with a friend now. Take up your glass. God health to you."

Poor William Danesbury! Silly William Danesbury! Weak William Danesbury! All his good resolves were going, he knew not whither: his veins were throbbing, his heart was longing for that pernicious draught. Never had the desire for it so sorely beset him. He had resisted it in his own house, but here—

William Danesbury took up the glass, and drained it.

Then, remorse set in. He saw himself what he was, a weak, guilty coward, a man without self-restraint; and yet, a self-sufficient man, who had trusted to himself. Why had he not asked for AID to resist the temptation, as he had done in his own home? It had glanced across his mind to do so, even as he took the glass in his fingers, and he had driven it away unnoticed. So the successful struggles of weeks, the recent victory over himself, the dying admonitions of his father, the new hopes of his wife, the advice of Lord Temple and of Arthur, and the prayers of Isabel—all were undone by the act of one moment. If self-torture ever overtook a man, it did William, then. He rose from his seat, ready to curse himself.

"Danesbury, you are not going?"

"I must. I have an engagement."

That was so far true. For[illegible] spending the evening a[illegible] promised to go and bri[illegible]

"Take another glass

"Not to-night. Go[illegible]

William Danesbury light. It was shini[illegible] street, whitening th[illegible] shioned stones. To[illegible] home, he must pa[illegible] hardly had he tur[illegible] when he met Hardi[illegible]

"Is it you, Mr. W[illegible]

"It is more tha[illegible]

"Why are you gl[illegible]

"Because I sa[illegible] William, and I t[illegible] away," he whi[illegible] you have come

"I am a wicked idiot, Harding, and nothing else. So don't trouble yourself to be thankful about me."

"Perhaps you have been led to transgress to-night, Mr. William, and I know you have been striving against it lately. Forgive me, sir, but I was nearly an old man when you were a child, and I think if you were to fail at last, it would break my heart."

"It is of no use striving," returned William, gloomily. "I have been striving, resolutely striving, and now a moment's temptation has upset it."

"Strive on, strive on, Mr. William, victory will be yours in the end. *I know it will*; if you only take the right means to help yourself."

"How can you say you know it, Harding, and assert it so impressively? I am no better than others. Worse."

"Sir," said Thomas Harding, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "I will tell you why I know you will be kept, and preserved—if you only strive for it as you ought. I was in the chaise with your mother the night she died; when she was hastening home to you, a baby. At the moment of the accident, when the chaise was going over, and she saw her danger, and possibly foresaw her death—for when death comes to take the body, it is said to be visible to the living spirit—in that last moment she offered up a prayer. 'My Saviour! I can but commend my children to Thee. Do Thou make them Thine, and keep them from the evil!'"

"Mr. William," added Thomas Harding, "no dying mother ever commended her children to Christ in vain. He *will* keep you from the evil, if you earnestly ask Him."

William was much affected.

"Harding, I cannot do it, of myself. All my efforts come to nought."

"No, sir, not of yourself: if we could do things of ourselves, Christ would not have told us to go to Him. He is waiting to give you aid, if you will only ask Him; you will not ask in vain. I have long wanted to say this to you, Mr. William, but I did not know how. Forgive me, sir."

William wrung Thomas Harding's hand with a grateful pressure, and continued his way towards the churchyard. He halted at the gate, as his brother had done before him, attracted by the white gravestones and the mounds of earth, which stood out so brightly in the moonlight. Conspicuous amidst them was the Danesbury tomb, and he stepped towards it. There she lay, his own mother, there was her name—"Isabel, the wife of John Danesbury." The words of Harding were ringing in his ears, and William's feelings overcame him; he bowed his head upon the iron railings, and broke into a flood of passionate tears, such as only man can shed.

"My mother! do thou pray for me still, if it may be permitted thee. My Saviour! teach me to pray. Keep me from the evil, as she asked of Thee; teach and help me to overcome!"

Exceedingly surprised he was, to hear footsteps close to him; and, more surprised still, to find they were Arthur's. The latter linked his arm within his.

"I was near the gate and saw you come in. William, what distresses you? Let me know it. We are alone in the world, save Isabel."

"I am so angry and vexed with myself! Arthur, I have been striving to do right, to abstain; for three weeks not a drop of liquor of any sort had passed my lips, and water was becoming palatable. To-night has undone it all."

"How was it?"

"Bell came to my house about his machines, and said he would have some brandy-and-water. I sat by while he drank it, taking none—though it was a sore temptation. Afterwards we had to go to the Ram, to find Sears. Laughton and some more of my old cronies were there, and I was such a weak fool as to be tempted to drink."

"Much?"

"One glass."

"I wish you had not. But, William, do not despair; if there were nothing to resist, there would be no victory. Let the relapse serve to strengthen you for future fight. Seek aid where you know it may be found."

"I will seek it; I do," answered William. "But no one knows how hard the struggle is—the physical pain of abstaining—the inward, mental craving to fight against."

"He knows, and he is all-sufficient. If you had nothing to overcome, where would be the reward? 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' Oh, William, think of the glorious end. Persevere, and it will surely be yours."

Almost the same words that his wife, some weeks ago, had caused him to read to her. William wrung his brother's hand, as he had just before wrung Thomas Harding's, and departed to his home.

He took a light, and went up stairs to his bed-room, shut himself in, and paced about, too uneasy to sit, or rest. His mind was a chaos; self-reproach, self-anger, doubt, despondency, and hope. Yes, in the midst of it all, there was a little ray of hope, whispering him that, if he so willed it, the victory would be his. How should he choose? On the one side, there was indulgence in his much-loved propensity, a downward course of degradation and despair, ruin to his body, and, in the end, to his immortal soul. On the other side, there [illegible]temperance, self-denial, the drinking of [illegible]f wine; but, with it, came [illegible]ardent fulfilment of his ap[illegible]a happy home here, and the [illegible]fe. If he embraced the first, [illegible]Saviour; if the latter, that [illegible]our was waiting to help and

[illegible]his head upon his hands, [illegible]little fleeting life, whose [illegible]th eternity, was but as a [illegible]e clouds of it on the sea[illegible]*r ever!—for ever!* He lost [illegible]comprehend the depths [illegible]Robert and Lionel had [illegible]r ever." How? What [illegible]at might be their re[illegible]at that very moment, [illegible]d, in mercy, and could [illegible]evil? Their bodies were mouldering under the tombstones in the churchyard, but their never dying souls had passed at once into futurity. What might it be for them? What would it be for him, unless he could overcome?

William shuddered, and, taking his wife's Bible, opened it at the Book of Revelations. He was looking for the places, he knew there were several, which promise life to those who overcome; but as he turned over the leaves, his eyes fell on some other words.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

According to their works!

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Then he found what he was looking for. And read the several verses fervently, with a yearning heart; a heart that felt its weakness, and its need of God. The following were the two last his eyes fell on:—

"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

William Danesbury fell on his knees and bowed his head on the book, and sobbed as he had sobbed in the churchyard. Earnestly he prayed; prayed that, from that night henceforth, he might never return to his besetting sin, but might be kept in his recurring hours of temptation, and, in the end, so overcome, as to sit down with the redeemed in Paradise.

He continued long in prayer. Perhaps it was the first time in William Danesbury's life that he had ever learned so to pray; to pray with earnest sobs and cries, not loud, but from the very depths of his heart; urgently as a drowning man calls for help to the living; it was the first time he had found how very near to him God was, how ready to hear him. He felt that he was a changed man from that hour; changed, in so far as that he had learned the need of aid and where to obtain it; and, when he rose from his knees, there was a never yet-known spirit of peace and comfort diffused through his soul. It made him think involuntarily of the new name written on the white stone; perhaps he might yet gain that.

He remembered that he had to go for his wife. Descending the stairs, and entering the sitting-room for his hat, which he had left there on coming in, his eyes fell on the brandy bottle. Without a moment's deliberation, he carried it outside the door and emptied its contents on the flower bed; then called to one of the servants to take the bottle down stairs.

"May I ever be as resolute in rejecting," he aspirated.

His thoughts were still busy as he walked along the road. Strange to say, though he could scarcely account for the sensation, he felt a sense of happiness, of security, that he had never felt previously; as if he had entered on the right path to be reconciled to God. "What can that new name be, which none knoweth, save he who receiveth it?" he deliberated. "I wonder whether it can be peace; perfect, inward peace?"

When he reached the presence of his wife, she looked apprehensively at him. His face was pale, his eyes were red; as she advanced close to him, his breath gave forth an odor she knew too well, and her heart sank within her. She put on her things directly, and they set out to return home. It was a silent walk, for her tears were nearly overflowing, and she dared not speak; and William seemed buried in a reverie. As they passed through their own garden, she exclaimed, suddenly,

"What a strong smell of brandy!"

"Yes," he replied, "there is. Do you know what I have been doing to-night, Anna?"

"What you ought not," she faintly said.—"William, William, will nothing avail with you?"

"It did not to-night. I had to go on business to the Ram, and there I broke through.—The temptation was terrible," he murmured; "the desire for it burning me, as a consuming fire, and I yielded."

She was weeping silently. He had halted with her at the flower-bed, in the midst of the grass-plot.

"So I came home, and I took a bottle of brandy; the last we had in the house, and which had been reached up, but not for me; and brought it out here, and emptied it on the earth. I trust—I think—that with this night my worst struggle is over. I believe that henceforth my strife will not be in vain. Anna, I have never said so much as that."

"You—will—strive—in earnest!" she slowly breathed, scarcely daring to admit the rush of joy, which his words, and still more, his manner, brought her; "strive aright?"

"Ay. And overcome—by the help of God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ARTHUR DANESBURY. MURMURS.

Not for many a day had so great a commotion arisen in Eastborough. A commodious building in the heart of the town, belonging to Mr. Danesbury, was being repaired and done up, and lighted with gas; to be rendered, so the report ran, as attractive as a gin-palace, which reared its unblushing front nearly opposite. A second gin-palace it was going to be, as was told throughout the place; and the commotion was caused by a curious rumor that these various alterations were not being made for any tenant who might have taken the place, but for, and on account of, the landlord himself—Mr. Danesbury.

"Mr. Danesbury!" echoed the excited crowd. "He set up a gin-palace; that is, cause it to be set up; after all he has said and done—all his goings on against drink to us!"

It was inexplicable. But beyond doubt the building belonged to Mr. Danesbury; and beyond doubt it was not to let. One who was in want of such a house applied to become its tenant; but Mr. Danesbury's reply was, that he required it for his own purposes. Partitions were being taken down inside, and small rooms made into larger. The commotion increased; but the doubt was not at rest, for one of the artisans at the works respectfully put the question to Mr. Danesbury—the man was one who never drank.

"Was it really to be a house of entertainment for the men?"

"Yes, it is. I intend it in opposition to the public houses, and especially to the gin-palace opposite," replied Mr. Danesbury. "My workmen must go out at night, it seems, and drink, so it occurred to me that I might as well derive some benefit from the habit, much as I disapprove of it. I hope, in a few weeks from this, it will be open and flourishing, and will have taken some custom from the other houses."

The questioner was confounded, far more than he could have been, had his master seriously assured him that black was white.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"Why?"

"For asking, sir. I have heard 'em on, some days, in the place, a-talking that it was the master's, and was meant for a gin-shop, and it made me quite angry to hear it, because I did not believe it, and I thought I'd get your leave, sir, to contradict it."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Danesbury, "you may confirm it, that it is mine, and say that I hope they will give me their custom."

The man walked away like one in a dream. Whatever had come over his sober, respectable master? Countenance a gin-shop! nay, open one! The more he reflected on it, the more he was puzzled; and he repeated the news, and thus set all doubts at rest.

The reader has not forgotten the row of houses particularly mentioned, as being occupied by men employed at the works. It still existed, and many of its former tenants yet lived there. A few of the houses had changed occupants; and it may be remarked that all the changes, save those caused by death, had been led to by intemperate habits. Mrs. Gould lived there as before, a goodly matron. The Goulds were pretty prosperous, though—it was the old story—not so much so as they would have been, had Richard Gould spent less in drink. Many spent more than he, and Jessy still had help from her friends, so that they were tolerably flourishing. The same features that you saw there formerly, you might have seen there yet. Tailor and his wife, the drunken couple, had gone, drunkards, to their kindred dust. The husband of the poor, half-starved Mrs. Reed had relapsed from bad to worse, and from bad to worse again, until she and her children had found a refuge in the workhouse. Go there and ask after them; the mother is in it still, a decayed pauper; the children have emancipated themselves from workhouse authority—the boys, men now, are vagabondizing about the country, and the girls have entered upon courses which can never be redeemed. A knot of these tenant-wives in Prospect Row were standing before their doors, discussing the astounding fact just reported to them, that the proprietor of the new gin-palace was Mr. Danesbury.

"I wouldn't have believed it of him," resentfully cried Mrs. Gould, "and so I told Uncle Harding when the rumor first got wind. 'Mr. Arthur set up a new public, and put a man in to keep it? No!' said I, 'that he never will!'"

"All gas, and glare, and glitter, to 'tice our men in to drink, like t'other horrid place," chimed in another. "They waste money enough, as it is; what'll they do when the master hisself encourages 'em direct?"

"It's my certain conviction, and has been all along," said Mrs. Gould, "that the way in which Mr. Danesbury and Mr. Arthur set their faces against the liquor-shops, kept many a workman within bounds, who would not have been kept within them, but for that. Mr. Arthur's turning round is a great misfortune upon us, and some of us will rue the day his place opens."

"'Cause we don't rue it enough as it is," called out a miserable woman with a torn cap and hanging hair. "How much d'ye suppose my brute of a fellow brought me home last Saturday night—or Sunday morning, for that's what it was? Six shillings."

"Shame!" was murmured around.

"He'll bring home three next, when he have got this shop, of the master's, to sot at. And the children in rags, and me famishing, half my time. I wish I was dead, I do."

"I'd sooner have thought that Mr. Arthur would have finished those alms-houses for the old, which his father began to build some years ago, and was forced to leave unfinished, through the expenses his sons brought upon him, than have turned his thoughts and his money to such a low-lived thing as this; low-lived for a Danesbury."

"Oh, I don't know about low-lived; some of the first gents owns publics and liquor-shops, though they don't have anything to do with 'em personally, wouldn't set their proud feet inside one. But, for them alms houses, it was said in the factory lately, that now things was a coming round a bit, and some of the pulls upon him was gone, the master meant to finish 'em."

"Yes, low-lived," persisted Mrs. Gould: "it is so, for Mr. Arthur Danesbury. He and his father have always been such respectable, lofty men: I don't mean lofty to us, or proud to us: we all know they are not that; but lofty in high and good things: for him thus to get up and start liquor-selling, is bringing him down dreadfully. Why, my husband, Richard, would never have kept as tolerably sober as he has, but for the fear of getting out of the good books of the masters."

"You know Tom Locke and his wife, who hurt himself in the machinery, and has never been able to do a good day's work since—well, its them as the master is a-going to put in to keep it."

"What, Tom Locke? Why he's one of they temperance lot: he can't a-bear his nose to come a sigh liquor, he can't. Nor her neither."

"Who says it's going to be Tom Locke?" asked Jessy Gould.

"I says so; and I says so 'cause I heard it. A rum lot he was, I thought at first, to put into a gin shop, one as abominates the sight and smell of it, but it came into my head afterwards that it was the master's depth: if he had put in one that liked it, he'd have toped away some of the profits. So Tom Locke is just the right sort of man."

"Well, it's a new thing for us to be standing here abusing Mr. Danesbury," uttered Mrs. Gould. "It does not sound right: our best praises have never been good enough for him till now."

"But who was to think he would turn round, like this? I say, did you hear of the row at the Pig-and-Whistle last night?"

"Oh yes, I heerd on't. My husband was in it, worse luck. They got fighting, some of 'em, and a heap of glasses was broke, which doubled the score. Wretches!"

As may be gathered from the above conversation, the female portion of the community did not view with favor Mr. Danesbury's new scheme. With the men, it was, on the whole, popular: though the surprise amongst all classes was unbounded.

Mr. Danesbury was one evening coming out of the new place—palace, shop, or whatever it might be called, when he encountered Thomas Harding, who was passing. "Well," said he, cheerily, "we are getting on, we shall soon open."

"Are you, sir?"

"What say those most concerned?"

"The women are outrageous, sir," said Harding, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Our relation, Jessy, one of the worst. They expect to be reduced to shorter commons than usual, now 'the master countenances the drink.' You have lost caste, sir, with them."

Mr. Danesbury laughed and proceeded on his way.

He was going to Mrs. Philip Danesbury's. When he arrived there, Miss Heber was alone, she was sitting at the window enjoying the lovely evening. Her rich black silk dress and jet ornaments became her well. Rather tall, slender and graceful, with clearly-cut, expressive features, and an earnest thoughtful eye, she looked, in her way, as noble as did Arthur Danesbury.

She rose when he entered, and extended her hand. He took it and retained it, and they stood together before the window in the last rays of the setting sun, watching the clouds of crimson and purple, which were capped by brilliant streaks of golden light.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful sunset?" exclaimed Miss Heber.

"I do not know that I have. I was thinking so as I came along."

"I am sorry my aunt is out. She——."

"I am glad of it," interrupted Arthur. "Because my visit this evening is to you."

Something in his tone caused the conscious color to flush into Miss Heber's cheeks; possibly she had a foreshadowing of what was to come; and in her maidenly reserve, she would have withdrawn her hand from his.

"No, Mary, suffer it to remain. I am going to ask you to give it me for my own."

The flush extended now to her brow, even to her neck, and she dropped her head, and her eyes sank beneath the gaze of his.

"I have waited for you long; you know I have, Mary. For though I would not speak, until I saw my way clear, I am sure you have never mistaken me. Will you accept your happiness to my keeping?—will you give yourself to me for all time?"

She burst into tears, and turning half round towards him, suffered him to draw her face to his breast, and hold it there.

Then—after a pause—they began to speak of details. He wished that they should be married with but little delay. She objected, saying that twelve months ought to elapse first, from the period of Mr. Danesbury's death.

"Can you give me one good reason for that, Mary?" he returned. "Custom? Well, we can afford to dispense with custom. Do you think that I—or you—shall forget my dear father the sooner, or regret him one iota the less, because we become united together?"

"No. Oh no."

"Then I know of no other point your objection can carry. Believe me, I should be the last to suggest anything that could imply disrespect to him. And, were it possible that he could hear us now, I know he would judge my motives aright, and approve of what I urge."

A happy, reassured expression rose to her face, and she began to think her objection not insuperable.

"I am lonely at home: it is a large house for me to inhabit alone," he resumed with a smile. "But that is not the chief argument. I want a help-mate in my new plans, a second self."

"With your workmen?" she asked, looking up.

"With my workmen; my poor, ignorant, improvident workmen. I want a lady, you, Mary—and if you never were to be anything to me, I can truthfully say I know of none more fit—to go to their homes, and try to talk, or beat, or soothe something better into the wives. You have learned my plans as to the men; but it will be of little use seeking to raise them from what they are, so long as the women are dirty and careless, and make their houses everything they ought not to be. A man could not effect this: it must be a woman; one who will go among them, and take an interest in their cares and troubles, and show them how they may be made lighter. Now," he added, in a gayer tone, "it would not quite do for Miss Heber to go, concerning herself with Mr. Danesbury's work people, but it will be the very thing for Mrs. Danesbury."

Her lips parted with a smile. She had no argument at hand to refute his words.

"And I want a counsellor, Mary: one to whom I can come for advice and help: I want you."

"Oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed in surprise, "*I* counsel *you!* I blush to think how very unworthy I am, compared with you."

"A kind, loving friend and counsellor," he whispered, "who will wait for me and welcome me when the bustle and cares of the day are over—who will listen to my schemes, and share my trials, and cheer on my hopes, whether of time or of eternity. My dearest! I know that you will be all this."

"I will be all I possibly can," she answered, the tears glistening in her eyes; tears of joy, not of grief, for none, save herself, knew how passionately, for years, she had loved Arthur Danesbury. "And I will do what I can for the work-people. I used to think it wrong that Mrs. Danesbury did not take a personal interest in them."

"My own mother did. I have heard Harding say so many times. I have heard him say that, had she lived, the women never would have become the slatternly, quarrelsome scolds in their homes, that they are. But, she was removed early. The second Mrs. Danesbury would not notice them: I do not suppose she entered a single cottage the whole time that she was my father's wife. There is much to do, much to be effected."

"Will it be effected?" returned Miss Heber.

"Not perhaps as I could wish it to be—not as it might be, if the men and women were more enlightened; half of them are without any education whatever, cannot read or write. But a great deal may be done; I feel that it will; we shall both bring earnestness and hope to the rescue. Mary! I purpose to devote, in a degree, my life to this object. Next to my own family, I mean to you, and—to—" he momentarily hesitated, but continued with a half smile—"those who may be born to us, I shall consider these poor dependants. Not only my energies shall be given to their service, to the raising them, bodies and souls, to a more healthy condition, but a great portion of my income must be spent in it. I warn you of this, beforehand."

"Oh, yes, Arthur," she earnestly replied, "indeed you will find me agree with you in all, and help you. When wealth is being accumulated by commerce, and no part of it, save their bare wages, is ever applied to benefit the poor aiding operatives, I think a sin must lie at the rich man's door. It may be justice in the sight of man, to pay them but their simple due, and leave them to make the best of it in indifference and neglect; but it cannot be, in the sight of God. Devote as much of yours as you will to the workmen, Arthur, I shall never say you Nay."

"My darling," he murmured, bringing her face nearer to his, "I hope and trust we shall be able to do our duty to them and to ourselves; and to Him, who has placed us here to do it, and made us rich, and them poor. Our probationary time on earth is but short at its best: may we always remember, in the great trials of life and in its small daily cares, in the pleasant social intercourse with friends and in the dearer sunshine of our own home, that we are but travellers here, making our short journey to a better land!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

An actor, eulogizing his mistress one day, went on thus: "The angel! I have her picture here—I always wear it next my heart!" And here he produced the precious portrait, not from his bosom, but from a pocket in the tail of his coat!

It is said that the acknowledged right of an editor to kiss a pretty girl on sight, is a part of the "liberty of the press."

If you wish to make use of a man, ascertain the measure of his susceptibility to flattery: for all that you can raise him, in self-estimation, will be at your disposal. Convince any man that you can teach him to play on two fiddles, equally well, at the same time, and he will promise that one shall be played mainly for your advantage.

"Lord Derby is a most unsteady man, and therefore an unsafe Minister," said a wag the other day. "How so?" asked a horrified Derbyite. "Because," rejoined the wag, "he always gets 'Dizzy,' (Disraeli) in office."

Why do men who are about to fight a duel, generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

The aeronaut, La Mountain, in his recent excursion from Troy, was accompanied by a young lady named Moss. We will venture to say that no moss was ever before discovered clinging to a mountain so high up.

A HIGH CHARGE.—"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at de seaside?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

In Japan, upon the accession of a new "Tycoon," to power, the persons ambitious of his favor, crawl upon their bellies before him. We are not informed whether the custom was borrowed from this country.

"Bill, I've been in real estate a little, lately." "Well, John, how much have you dipped in?" "Bought a lot in the cemetery, and a half acre for a residence lot just north of it." "Just north! what the deuce did you go so far north for? Going to live there?" "Yes, Bill, I wanted a home beyond the grave!" Bill looks solemn, and they both vanish, whistling a melancholy air.

Did you ever know a woman to make room in an omnibus, five on a side, when Number Six was entering, flounced and velveted, until ordered by the driver?

Did you ever know a little pair of gaiter boots to turn one inch either to the right or left when they could have saved you from a streaming gutter by the operation? Patent leathers don't behave so—not they!

Four boys were poisoned near Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 5th inst., by eating the roots of wild parsnips. Boys should be careful—we have known of two or three that were killed by wild oats.

The famous Rameau, the composer, while making a call on a lady, suddenly sprang up, seized a little dog that was yelping at her feet, and threw him out of the window. "What is that for?" cried the lady. "Because he barks out of tune!" shouted Rameau, with the indignation of an enthusiastic musician whose ear had been cruelly wounded.

A MEDICAL JOKE.—The dead are never sick. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver.—*Vanity Fair.*

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No." "*How* do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my dear."

Flame is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Not a sunset sky in summer, not a full blown tropic flower, is more brilliant than flame; flame is the *flower* of fire. The ivy has no splendor like the mantling flame; it reddens like the thyrsus of the god.

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

A correspondent writing from Louisiana, says that he recently saw a fight between a large rattlesnake and a hog, which was interesting. The latter kept his bristles so extended that the attempts of the snake to bite him were foiled; until, watching his chance, he suddenly rushed upon the reptile, seized it by the neck, and placing his fore-feet on its body, tore it in two, and then leisurely devoured it.

WHAT IS BEING "DRUNK."—In the Court of Exchequer, the other day, the Lord Chief Baron said:—"Whereabouts in the long scale between perfect sobriety and absolute intemperance, do you place 'drunk?'" (Laughter.) Mr. Patchett: "I really don't know, my lord." The Lord Chief Baron: "No, it is extremely difficult to say where 'drunk' should stand in the thermometer of inebriety." (Laughter.)

The question is often discussed, whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

It is wiser and better to hold the torch of truth to the mind than the torch of persecution to the body.

The love of pleasure betrays us into pain; and many a man, through love of fame, becomes infamous.

Beauty unquestionably has it privileges; but it is no sanction for ill-nature or impertinence.

BATHING HORSES.—The English and French rarely bathe their horses; but in Prussia, it is the custom to attach to the cavalry barracks a capacious basin for swimming the horses in.

Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for it surrounds us with flatterers who will tell us only our merits, and silences our enemies, from whom alone we might learn our defects.

MILLINERS.—Do the admirers of pretty milliners know why they are called so? Not one in a million. The name comes from Milan, the city from which Milan ary goods were first imported into England.

"Why, you're only a 'prentice," said an aristocratic little boy, tauntingly, to a hard-fisted little fellow with whom he was at play. The latter turned proudly round, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strongly blended in his countenance, coolly answered him, "So was Dr. Franklin!"

Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover.

Plutarch says there is not so great a difference between beast and beast as between man and man. We might go further, and say that there is more difference between some men and some other men than there is between some men and some beasts.

"Sir, my party has a quick way of using up rascals." "No doubt of it, sir. A party that makes such habitual use of rascals must expect to use some of them up; its tools can't last always."

Borrowed garments seldom fit well. Haste often trips up its own heels. Men often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act. Pride is the flower that grows in the devil's garden. More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean. He who buys too many superfluities, may be obliged to sell his necessaries.

It is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he has done, compared with what he might have done.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

A witness, on entering the box, had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to be sworn. Being asked his reason for refusing, he naively said: "I'll tell a lie wi' ony men in England, but I'll not swear to it."

AN EXTRAORDINARY METEOR.—On Friday evening, the 20th, about half-past nine, a very extraordinary meteor made its appearance in the heavens. It arose in the north western part of the heavens, from a cloud which was not revealed until the light of the meteor made it visible. Then an object, about the size of the full moon, and as bright, suddenly started from the cloud, traversed, in a direct easterly line, the whole extent of visible space, dropping fire, apparently, in its course, like a rocket, till it passed so far eastward as to resemble a red ball, about twice the size of the planet Mars, visible in the south-east. So soon as it disappeared, a flash like heat lightning revealed a cloud to the eastward, low down in the horizon, which continued to emit flashes of light for half an hour afterwards. The phenomenon at one time seemed to separate like a rocket when it bursts, but the larger portion keeping in a straight course towards the eastward. It was witnessed by many person, and caused considerable wonderment for the time, and was certainly the most extraordinary appearance that we ever saw in the heavens. Its motion was not so fast, apparently, as that of a rocket, though its height and the vast extent of space that it traversed, proved that its velocity must have exceeded that produced by any known force which we are acquainted with. The phenomenon, from all appearances, must have been electrical.—*Philada. Ledger.*

THE NEW UNFERMENTED BREAD.—There can be no doubt that the newly-discovered aerated bread will prove a blessing to many, whose stomachs could not digest the ordinary bread raised by fermentation. It is now being regularly made and sold in London, and is eagerly sought after by a large class of people, to whom fermented bread has been prohibited by the doctors. The process of making the bread consists in forcing ready prepared carbonic acid, by means of suitable machinery, into the water with which the dough is prepared, then mixing the flour, water and salt together, in a highly condensed atmosphere. From the mixing apparatus the dough is received into the baking-pans, and passed into the ovens, without being touched by the hands. By this means, the consistency of the flour is lost both unchanged and uncontaminated—the loaf being accordingly absolutely pure bread.

There is absolute economy in this method of raising the bread, as it is certain that the process of fermentation destroys part of the substance of the flour, first the sugar, to furnish dextrine, then the starch, to furnish more sugar, to be decomposed into carbonic acid gas and alcohol.

A PARIS letter states that a pistol ball was found in one of Prince Jerome Bonaparte's lungs after death, which had been lodged there more than fifty years ago in a duel with a brother of Marshal Davoust.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York correspondent of The Union and Advertiser of Rochester says that "Rutledge" was written by Miss Minturn, a daughter of Mr. Robert B. Minturn, of this city.

It seems almost incredible, yet is none the less a fact, that of 20,000 persons who applied for enlistment in the United States army last year, only 1 800 were physically qualified for admission. The average number of candidates accepted is one to every nine.

Equal to Archimedes.—A mechanic, in Islington, England, has recently made a burning-glass, three feet in diameter, by which steel, flint, and even platina, it is said, have been melted by concentrating the rays of the sun upon them. Owing to its great size, it has attracted the notice of several societies devoted to science and art.

The real estate and personal property of Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, has been ascertained, within a few days, to be as follows:

Real estate,	$2,000,000
Personal property,	1,500,000
Total,	$3,500,000

Good News for English Dry-Goods Clerks.—Seventy-five English ladies of high rank, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, have recently formed a resolution not to go shopping, on Saturdays, after 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

A young lady, in Ralls county, captured a beaver lately, and also the man who was carrying it about on his head. Young ladies are given to such tricks.

The Genesee (Michigan) Republican says Mr. Leithorne and his wife, of Genesee, were instantly killed by lightning on Sabbath night last. They had both gone to the chimney for some purpose, when they were destroyed by a current of electricity which came down the chimney. There were five children and the aged mother of Mr. Leithorne in the room, but in bed, none of whom were hurt. The storm was terrific.

The spaces of the solar system, or some of them, at least, appear to be thickly peopled with small planets, or asteroids, invisible to the naked eye or of the ordinary telescope. No less than forty-seven of these young planets are now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and every few months we hear of a new discovery. The largest of them is said to be only forty miles in diameter, and the smallest only four.

To prevent ladies' dresses taking fire, the most successful article yet used is phosphate of ammonia. It leaves the fabric soft and pliable, acting but slightly on the fibre, and may be mixed with the starch. One ounce of the salt is dissolved in one quart of water, and applied either by itself or in the starch, and dried as usual. The only objection is the expense of the salt.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has recently returned from a European tour, is at Andover. She is engaged in the preparation of a new work, on which, it is stated, she means to rest her reputation as an authoress.

The venerable Lyman Beecher, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, is living in Brooklyn, near the residence of his son, in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. With the exception of a slight deafness, and weakness of the limbs, the old gentleman is as bright, lively, and hopeful, as when ten years younger.

Curious Facts.—It was stated in the recent debates in the French Corps Legislatif that, out of the 36,000,000 souls in France, 20,000,000 never saw woollen goods of any sort. It has also been recently asserted that 25,000,000 of people there never eat meat oftener than once a week. Paris annually consumes 288,000,000 pounds of vegetables; the market gardens near Paris cover more than 2 760 acres, use 2 160,000 glass "bells," 360,000 panes of glass, cover hot beds occupy 9 000 people, 1,700 horses, consume $368,000 of manures, return $2,700,000 by sale of vegetables.

Metallic Manure.—The scales of iron that accumulate around the anvil of a blacksmith's shop are more valuable than manure for peach trees. A shovelful, around a healthy peach tree will be very likely to keep it in good condition; and it is said that trees already diseased have recovered by the application of these scales. Iron in any form will answer a good purpose.

A new gunpowder is announced in England, which is said to be less dangerous than ordinary powder, produces very little smoke, and that of a less pungent kind than usual, not only enabling the miner to work in close places without the great delay consequent on smoke, but greatly diminishing the unhealthy effects of it in the mines. It is invented by a relation of the gentleman who introduced the safety fuse, which has proved invaluable to thousands.

Where to Stick your Lightning Rods.—Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, in an article on the subject, strongly recommends that lightning rods, in all cases, instead of being terminated a few feet in the earth, should be connected with the gas or water pipes of the city on the outside of the building.

A "Spirit" Suddenly Put to Flight.—"While the spirit of 'Red Jacket' was entertaining a company of spiritualists at a private house at Milford," says the Boston Traveller, "the other evening, by playing on a guitar and other musical instruments, the room being darkened, an unbelieving Pharisee suddenly lighted a fluid lamp, when lo and behold! the medium, one of the 'test' sort, who had been performing marvellous feats in the town, was discovered nimbly fingering the guitar! The illumination acted like a thunderbolt. The medium exclaimed, 'Oh! that light!' threw the instrument wildly over her head, and fell into the arms of her neighbor. During a discussion which ensued, she quietly left the apartment."

A Memphis paper tells of a recent slave insurrection in Osceola, Ark., which was suppressed after several of the negroes had been severely wounded.

In Syria, the town of Zahli, the last refuge of the Christians, has been attacked by the Druses and Arabs, and entirely burned, and 1,000 Christians murdered. Another village had been plundered and deserted. The children of a school under the protection of the French flag had been killed by the Druses.

An ingenious French philosopher is at present maintaining the hypothesis that the feeding of the negro races continuously on exclusively animal food, would effect their conversion into white men! He grounds his belief mainly on the fact that in some districts, where a large quantity of such food is consumed, the peculiarities of the negro physiognomy are considerably reduced.

A queer elopement occurred at Rochester, last week, a Syracusean, named Blair, stealing away the wife of one Jean Paige, and fleeing with her to Oswego. She had been wedded but three weeks. The deserted followed the twain up, found them in the city on the lake; and the fair Julia refusing to comply, he sought a compromise by asking Blair to deed him certain property in Canada, which he would deem ample consideration for his wife! Blair refused, and so he returned without wife, or aught in lieu thereof.

Snakes Killing Cattle.—Considerable excitement has been caused at Ogden, near Rochester, by finding several cattle killed near a swamp noted for snakes, particularly large black snakes with yellow rings about their necks. The appearances of the cattle denote that the snakes fasten themselves around the necks of the cattle, and strangle them to death.

"Better Rub than Rust."—The truth of this proverb is borne out by the fact that iron boiler tubes in a steamboat rust out very fast when the vessel is laid up; they endure five times longer when in constant use.

A Lowell correspondent states that a careful computation shows the steam power of the Great Eastern steamship is equal to the water power that drives the mills at Lowell. This gives an idea of the immense power of the steamer, equal to that required for the works of the great manufacturing city of America.

The rush of travel from the South continues, hastened, no doubt, by the intensely hot weather which prevailed all through the South last week. The Savannah Republican says the number passing through that city northward is greater than at any previous period. The side-wheel steamers are taken up, in great part, weeks ahead.

The Oswego Times calls it "a bit of romance" that a reputedly wealthy Canadian gentleman should have loved, at first sight, and married, a hotel waiting maid, which thing was "did" a few days ago in Oswego.

Increasing Consumption of Cotton.—It is estimated that the additional number of cotton spindles which will be put in operation in England and the United States in 1861, compared with the present year, will consume 360,000 bales of cotton.

Important, if True.—Some European papers have asserted that M. Tonissant, of Paris, has discovered a mode of taking and fixing the natural colors on photographic pictures; and that the principal substances used by him are oil of pink and chloride of gold.

Novel Suit.—In a certain village in New York State, the pastor of a Presbyterian church sued the pastor of the Methodist church for the recovery of two sermons which the plaintiff claims to have lost a year since, and which, in his complaint, he charges are "converted and disposed of by the said defendant to his own use."

The London Times Owned by the Rothschilds.—It has recently been proven that the London Times is owned by the Rothschilds, and the fact creates considerable sensation in London. The statement of Mr. John Walter, M. P., in Parliament, that he was not the principal owner, as well as the course taken by the Times for many years, proves and confirms it all. Not one single move on the political chessboard of Europe, that would have any tendency to injure the securities of any nation that were large creditors of the house of Rothschilds particularly Austria, but has been vehemently opposed by the Times.

An Affecting Memento.—The Bangor (Me.) Times learns by a young gentleman of that city, who has recently returned from Nova Scotia, that, among the articles brought up from the wreck of the Hungarian, by the submarine operator, was a card of a young lady who perished on the fatal night of the wreck, on the back of which was written in pencil, in a firm hand, "Lizzie dies to-night!"

The exhibition of the Great Eastern will close at New York by July 28th, and after a few days more has been spent in excursion trips, one of which will be to Cape May, at $10, she will sail from Halifax for London on August 16th.

Russian Emancipation.—The plan presented to the Czar by the Russian nobility, for the emancipation of the serfs, gives them the power to lease lands and make contracts for two years, when it is hoped they will be able to support themselves. The Czar's plan contemplated immediate emancipation, and the gift to each serf, from his master's territory, of sufficient land to support him. Emancipation is desired by all parties, but the nobles are not willing to give up serfs and land both. The plan of the nobles will probably be accepted by the Czar.

Some time ago it was announced at Paris that Miss Willing, an American belle, was to be married to the Count Henschc de Donersmark, a German millionaire. The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* now says that the match has been broken off, and that a brother of the lady has gone abroad, sought a duel with the Count, and wounded him severely. It is hinted that a fair *Marquise*, who formerly held the German in her graceful toils, but who had been deserted for the transatlantic maid, had recovered her hold upon her recalcitrant lover.

Over the recent *on dits* of London, is that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has become reconciled to his wife, and that they are about to live together again.

It was some time since stated that a Southern steamboat had been named "Beulah," in honor of Miss Augusta J. Evans. The boat made her trial trip the other day, and its ladies' cabin was adorned with a set of silverware, presented by the authoress who had been complimented.

A divorce case of a nature a little peculiar has lately been decided in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in favor of the weaker party—in such matters always the husband. It appears that after he had contracted the marriage he discovered that his wife had been divorced from a former husband on a libel brought by him, and that this divorced husband was living at the time of the second marriage. He therefore applied for a release, on the ground that the marriage with him was illegal and void. The Court sustained this view of the case, and the victim is again free.

Irish emigration persistently continues, and to such a degree that no less than 80,600 Irish left their homes in 1859 for distant lands. The exodus continues at present at least at as great a ratio, and according to the most recent accounts, the population of the country is now 533,500 persons less than it was in 1851, when the last census was taken.

A pretty girl from Clarksville, Tennessee, who recently attempted to commit suicide in Cincinnati, has the following sad history to relate. Several months ago she became acquainted with a man named White, and three weeks since they were married. In the innocence of her artless nature, she gave him her utmost confidence, and placed in his hands the sum of eight thousand dollars; after their marriage they came to Cincinnati, and a few days afterwards the fellow disappeared, leaving the young girl among strangers, without a dollar, and located in a hotel intended only for stevedores.

The Western Dental Society, in session at Springfield, Illinois, has voted to offer the sum of two hundred dollars to any chemist who would discover or make a plastic compound that can be substituted for gold in filling teeth.

Some observation of a singular character have lately been made upon the growth of that remarkable and useful production of the East, the bamboo. A plant in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Edinburgh grew, under a temperature of from 65 to 70 deg., 6 inches daily—a specimen of the *Bambusa gigantea*, of Burmah, which ranks as the monarch of the species, increased eighteen inches in twenty-four hours. The *Cambusa tulda*, of Bengal, attains its full height of seventy feet in about a month, thus growing at the astonishing rate of one inch an hour.

The End of a Speculation.—For the last three or four years the civilized world have been paying very dearly for the boots and shoes they are compelled to wear. Complaints of the price only drew forth the excuse that leather was so dear. It appears that certain London capitalists, or rather certain persons in England, who could command a very large amount of credit, have been engaged in speculating in hides and keeping up the price of leather. The markets appear to have been too large for them, or their credit too short, for their speculation has ended in their failure to meet their pecuniary engagements, and so they are bankrupt. The effect will be that the hide market will seek its natural level, and prices be ruled by the demand and supply. The tendency of the market is to a material reduction in price, as the stock on hand is large.

The Whitworth Gun.—The English papers contain quite lengthy reports of the recent trials of the Whitworth gun, said to be superior in many ways to that of Sir Wm. Armstrong. With a 3-pounder, and an elevation of 35 deg., loaded with 8 oz. of powder, the first shot touched the ground at 9,688 yards distance—more than 5½ miles—and only 34 yards to the right of the true line. The second lodged in the sand, at 9 644 yards, and 31 yards to the right of the mark. With an elevation of only 33 deg., a range of 9 547 yards was obtained, the shot falling only 57 yards to the right of the mark. The greatest range ever reached by any Armstrong gun was 9,130 yards; and this with a 32-pounder, fired with a 6-pound charge, at an elevation of 35 deg. Mr. Whitworth claims that his guns also possess greater durability than any other. From one of them, upwards of 1,500 shots have been fired, chiefly at high elevations, without the gun exhibiting any injury or sign of wear. The material used in the manufacture is homogeneous iron. The powder used is contained in a tin cartridge case, about seven inches long, and at the end which meets the shot, is a small lump of grease, which, being melted by the explosion, lubricates the barrel from end to end. It is therefore never necessary to use a sponge, the gun at the end of a day's firing being as clean and as bright as if it had not been used at all.

Where the Cold Comes From.—The Smithsonian Institution, by means of its extended system of meteorological observations, has been enabled to make some very curious investigations respecting the three memorable cold days of January, 1859. It was found that the cold of the three days above mentioned swept progressively over the country like a wave, coming down from the Arctic regions, and first entering the Territory of the United States at the extreme northwest, among the Rocky Mountains. It was experienced at Utah some three days before it reached the banks of the northern Mississippi, and was heralded by telegraph at Minnesota some two days before it reached Washington. At Buffalo it was some hours in advance of Boston, and was felt last on the Atlantic Ocean, where it appears to have vanished. This cold wave also swept south in a most remarkable manner, and progressively appeared in Florida and other Southern States, and Mexico; and the last pulsations, as it died away in this direction, were experienced in Central America and among the West India Islands.

Taken all in all, it was one of the most remarkable meteorological phenomena ever noticed, and the facts collected seem to prove that the originating impulse came from the extreme northwestern portions of the American Continent.

The Knights of the Golden Circle.—General Bickley has published an address to the Knights of the Golden Circle in Virginia and other Southern States.

They are ordered to repair to their encampment in Texas by the 15th of September. The address says that Texas, through her citizens, has raised money and material to the amount of $498,000, and appeals to her sister Southern States for contributions.

The object is declared to be to Americanize and Southernize Mexico, looking to the establishment of a Southern Confederacy. Such a course is to be taken as will not violate the neutrality laws, the "Knights" going into Mexico as emigrants, and becoming bona fide citizens, under, it is said, the Mexican sanction. The Order is represented to number 50,000 members. Doubtful.

Targets Reported by Lightning.—In England a new kind of target has been designed by which each shot is reported telegraphically.

The target is a massive iron frame, divided into three segments, centre, upper, and lower divisions, and these segments are connected with electric batteries and galvanometers, which instantly indicates the portion of the target which the bullet has struck. All need of signalling is thus done away, and any dangerous to life prevented. Tarksmen may all stand close to the target, and the firing continue uninterrupted during the whole time of practice, a faithful record being presented of the number of hits and the target may be so divided that space of a few inches can have each a separate record needle in the indicator. In the shooting he full advantage of the target was perceived.

Titles of the Prince of Wales.—Albert Edward, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, was born November 9, 1841, and consequently was eighteen years old last November. As a Prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany, he has, by birth and by letters of patent, the following titles: Prince of Wales, by patent, 1841, English; Duke of Cornwall, by birth, do.; Earl of Chester, by patent, 1841, do.; Great Steward of Scotland, by patent, Scotch; Duke of Rothsay, by birth, do.; Baron of Carrick, by birth, do.; Baron of Renfrew, by birth, do.; Lord of the Isles, by birth, do.; Earl of Dublin, by patent, 1849, Irish; Prince of Coburg and Gotha, German.

The Imperial ukase of the Russan Autocrat Alexander, settling definitively the question of the emancipation of serfs, it is said, will appear about the last of October or during the month of November.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	102	103
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	10[illegible]
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	45	50
All'y City 6 pr ct	80	72
" County	93	90
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	94½	94½
Tenn 6 "	93½	92
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Indiana 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	140
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	—	573
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	72	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	43	46½
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	35½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	80
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	150	—
Kentucky, Ky	—	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	150	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	87	90
Planters "	95	100
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	—
Lehigh Zinc	24	25
New Creek	—	1½
New Granada	—	—
N American Ins'ce	12	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	91
Ponds	93	93½

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Penney vania R R 1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd "	88½	90½
stock	38½	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	130½	131
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	90	90½
" '88	71½	72
stock	21½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	52	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '68	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	95½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Williams & Elmira 1st mort	87	70
2nd "	13½	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	60½	61
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	10½	11
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	42
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Minehill R R	64½	65
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '93	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	122	125
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	103	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	82½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	84	75
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	23
preferred	23½	25
Lehigh Nav stock	56	56½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	36½	37
Morris Consol'd	54	—
preferred	117	119
Chas & Del bonds	42	—
	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
ex div. 1877	30½	—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been very little animation in the market for Flour this week. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls, in lots, at $5,25 for standard superfine, which is now very scarce at this figure $5,37½@5,50 for Western extra, mostly at the latter rate, and $5,62½@5,75 for family, including 800 bbls fresh ground superfine, at $5,50; 1500 bbls Brandywine made from new Wheat at $5,62½, and 400 bbls condemned Western at $4,50. The bulk of the sales were of extra. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality.—Rye Flour is but little inquired for, and a small business doing at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. The receipts are very light, and some holders ask more. Corn Meal is also dull and neglected, and Pennsylvania Meal is nearly nominal at $3,37½, which is the general asking price.

GRAIN—The receipts of new Southern Wheat are beginning to come forward rather more freely. The sales reach some 33,000 bus, chiefly prime new Delaware and Maryland Reds, at $1,28, afloat, including some not prime at $1,26@1,27; new Penna at $1,25@1,27; old do, at $1,20@1,25; new Southern White at $1,25@1,40, as in quality, and choice old Kentucky do, at $1,45@1,50, in store. Rye is scarce, old Penna selling in a small way at 76@79c; and Jersey new at 70@75c. Corn is better, and very scarce, and all offered, about 18,000 bus, found buyers at 65@68c for good and prime Penna and Southern Yellow, closing active, at the latter rate, afloat; some inferior sold at 60@63c, and White at 65c. Oats are also better, and large sales, some 30,000 bus, have been made, mostly from store, at 37@40c, for fair to prime heavy Penna, and 31@36c for Delaware. Some small lots of new Oats have arrived, and sales are reported at 33@35c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues firm. We quote Mess Pork at $19½, and prime at 15½ ₱ bbl, with small sales.—Some holders refuse these rates. Of Beef, the sales are limited to small lots, for ship stores, at $14@15 for City Mess. Bacon is wanted at advanced rates. Shoulders selling to some extent at 10c, and Sides at 11½@12c, cash, now held higher. Hams are scarce, the stock being nearly all out of first hands, and plain and fancy cured are worth 12@14c. Of Green Meats the stock is very much reduced, with sales of Sides to note to some extent at 11@11½c, cash, and Shoulders at 9@9½c, cash and on time. Lard is held for higher prices, with sales of 1500 tcs at 13½@13½c, cash; kegs are held at 13½@14c, without sales to any extent. Butter—Very little doing, and prices range at from 10 to 12c ₱ lb.—Cheese is steady at 9c for Ohio, and 10@10½c for N York. Eggs are dull, and cannot be quoted over 12c for whole lots.

COTTON—The week's sales reach some 850 bales, in small lots, at from 6 to 12½c for inferior to ordinary middling and middling fair quality, mostly Uplands, cash and time, including strict middling fair Uplands, which are rather scarce, at 12@12½c, cash.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand and very scarce, and all the lots offered found ready sale at $27 for 1st No 1, and in some instances more. Tanners' Bark continues dull, with sales Chestnut at $10@10,50, and Spanish Oak at $12@13 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling and we quote Yellow at 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a fair business doing at the advance, and the demand for Anthracite is active.—Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,35@3,40, Prepared do, $3,35@3,40; Red Ash do, $3,60; Lehigh Lump $3,75@3,87; Prepared do, $3,75@3,87½; by retail do, $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE meets with a good inquiry from the trade at fully former rates. Sales comprise a few hundred bags only, at 14½@15c for Rio, and 14½@14½c for Laguayra, on the usual terms.

COPPER—Prices are without alteration, and the market dull, the sales being confined to a few small lots of yellow metal at 26c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce, but the demand is limited at about 50c for good Western.

FRUIT—The receipts are increasing, with sales of Green Apples at from $1 to $2,50 ₱ bbl, and Peaches at $1@2 ₱ bus, as in quality.

HOPS are but little inquired for, and Eastern and Western sell slowly at from 8 to 14c ₱ lb, as in quality.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals or sales, and the market is dull and drooping, as buyers are not disposed to operate at the present asking rates.

IRON—There is no new feature in this staple, and a very limited business to note in the way of sales, which are confined to a few small lots of Anthracite Pig Metal at about $23, $22, and $20½ ₱ ton for the three numbers, on time. Of Scotch Pig the sales are also light, and prices the same. Blooms and Boiler Plates also rule dull. In Bars and Rails there is but little change, and rather more business to note.

LEAD continues dull, and sales of 1000 pigs Galena have come under our notice on terms kept secret.

LEATHER—There has been very little movement in the market, as buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent.

LUMBER—There is a moderate business only to note in white and yellow Pine Boards at $14@18 for the former, and $13@15 for the latter. Laths and Shingles are steady. Some further sales of the former are reported at $1,62½, and Pickets, 4½ feet at $7 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market continues dull, the stock being mostly poor quality, which is very unsaleable. Some further small sales of Cuba are reported at 21@23c, and New Orleans at 40@45c, as in quality, on the usual terms.

PLASTER—is steady with further sales of soft at $2,62½@$2,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Some 400 bus Cloverseed sold at $4,75@5 ₱ bus, chiefly at the latter figure, at which rate it is scarce and wanted. Timothy is quiet and we quote it nominally at $4@4,25 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is steady at $1,62, but there is little or none offering. Of Red Top, sales of 200 sacks are reported at $2,25 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—There is no alteration in the price of Brandy and Gin, and a small business to note. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36c. Whiskey is dull, Penna bbls selling in a small way at 21@21½c; Western and Prison do at 21½@22c; Drudge at 20c, and hhds at 20½@21c.

SUGARS—The market is more active, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations, the week's sales reach about 1200 hhds in lots, mostly taken by the trade, at 6½@7¼c for Cuba, and 7¼@8c for Porto Rico, chiefly of the latter, including New Orleans at 7½@7¾c; a cargo of Brazil sold at 7¼c, all on the usual credit; the refiners have put up their prices ¼@½c ₱ lb.

TALLOW is rather firmer, and sales of city rendered are reported at 10@10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is very quiet, but without any alteration to note in Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL is coming in freely, and meets with a steady demand at fully former rates, the inquiry is chiefly for medium quality; the sales comprise about 150,000 lbs at prices within the range of 40@55c for common to full-blood and fine fleece, including 30,000 lbs fine at the latter rate.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 21.—FLOUR heavy; 6000 bbls sold. Wheat dull and nominally lower. Corn is heavy; 8000 bus sold; mixed 61½@62½c. Provisions steady. Whiskey is dull and nominal at 21c

☞ Always be quite as careful, in your business transactions, of taking credit as of giving it.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 5001 head. The prices ranged from $3 to 8½. Cows—60 head were sold at from $25 to 50, according to condition and preference. Sheep—7000 head were sold at from $3 to 5. Hogs—497 were sold at from $7,50 to 8,50.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr James W. Brendlin, to Miss Maggie J. Tomlin, both of this city.

At Buffalo, N Y, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. Dr. G Smith, Mr. Nobais Hibbard, of this city, to Miss S. Eliza Moore, daughter of Mr. U. D. Moore, of the former place.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. S. Y. Monroe, Joseph Wood, Esq. of Red Bank, Monmouth county, N. J., to Rebecca Downey, of Camden, N J

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. William Rockstool, to Mrs. Amanda L. Reighrel, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Ripley, Harvey Barnes, to Mrs. Jane S. Thompson, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr James Black, to Miss Jane Close, both of this city.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. G. D. Williamson, Emilie F. Diefenbicher, to Clarissa R. West, daughter of Jas. West, Esq both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, after a lingering illness, Edward Killingsworth, in his 54th year.

At Brunsels, on the 1st instant, Mrs. Ann M. relict of the late Saml. Richards, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday the 14th instant, Mary Cowperr, eldest daughter of Jos M. and Lydia C. Thomas.

On the evening of the 13th instant, Helen Edwards, wife of C. N. Beach, of this city, and youngest daughter of Frederick Tyler, of Hartford, Conn.

In Baltimore, July 15th, 1860, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Margaret Pentland, in her 62d year, formerly of this city.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. Catharine, daughter of Henry and Ann Simer, and wife of Jas. W. Sayre, in her 24th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. Eliza A. Caron, widow of the late Henry Caron, in her 50th year.

On the 16th instant, Sergeant Joseph W. Darling, of Duxbury, Mass. aged 64 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 21, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
New Jersey.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Delaware.		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.		**Kentucky.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New York.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont.		Old bks	1½ dis
bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Connecticut		Solv bks	1½ dis
bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2½ dis
bks	¼ dis	**Texas.**	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Iowa.**	
Virginia.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**Kansas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Minnesota.**	
North Carolina.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	**Canada.**	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Florida.**	
South Carolina.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis		
Alabama.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

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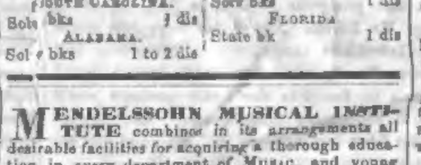

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2.—From for

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ARTEMUS WARD HEARS PATTI.

The Sage of Baldwinsville favors the Cleveland Plaindealer with the following critical notice of one of Miss Patti's concerts:

"The moosic which I am most use to is the inspirin strains of the hand organ. I hire a artistic Italy unto grind fur me, paying him his wittles and close, and spose it was those straines which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners he has seen better daze, having formerly been a Kount. But he haint of much akount now, except to turn the organ, and drink beer, of which bevrige he can hold a eburnful easy.

"Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man said about his wife, Oh, Geminy! She is well built & her complexion is what mite be called a Broonette. Her is is dark bay, the lashis being long and silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to do it some more, & to continner doing it 2 a indefnit extent. Her waste is 1 of the most bootiful waistists ever seen. When Mr. Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduated from pantalets and wire hoops was coming out to read her first compersishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, and made such a effort to arrange her lips so theyd look pooty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or rether in a furrin tung. I don't no what the setimonts was. For awt I know she may have bin denouncin my wax figgers & mgashun wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer if she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, meskin birds, etsettery, bust 4th and flew all over the Haul.

"Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily excited frame of mind, & of the kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these daze, don't do the fair thing by ye, yo kin always have a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injianny. When she sung Cumming threw the Rye, and spoke of that Swayne she dearly luved herself individoocally, I didn't wish I was that Swayne. No I guess not. Oh certainly not. (This is Ironical. I don't mean this. It's a way I have of goakin.) Now that Maria Pickkleshoming has got married, (which I hopes she likes it,) & left the perfeshun, Adeliny Patti is the championess of the opera ring. She carries the Belt. Thar's no draw fite about it. Other primmy donnys may as well throw up the spunge first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsight in this manner.

"But Miss Patty orter sing in the Inglish tung. As she can do so as well as she can Italyun, why under the Sun don't she do it? What cents is thar in singing wurds nobody don't understan when words we do understan is jest as handy? Why people will vercifferously applawd furrin langwidge is a mystery. It reminds me of a man I once knew. He sed he knot the bottom out of his pork Barril, and the pork fell out, but the Brine didnen't moove an inch. It staid in the Barril. He sed this was a Mystery, but it wasn't misteries than is this thing I me speakin of.

"As for Brignoly, Ferri and Junky they are dowdtless grate, but I think such able bodied men wood look better fillin the stile than dressing themselves up in black close & white kid gloves & showtin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man & ster leddi armies on to Battle instead of showtin in furin tung.

"Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receiving kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyards. I saloot yu.

A. WARD.

COULDN'T FIND HIS PARTY.

Dennis, alias Michael Brown, was found, according to the Boston Herald, a few evenings since in the streets of that city, addressing an imaginary audience concerning the great principles now agitating the country. Mr. Brown, after coquetting with a bottle of whiskey, is usually taken in that way, and it was judged by the police that Mr. Brown would be benefited by complaining of him as a common drunkard, and sending him to the place where whiskey is unknown, except upon special occasions.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Brown, squaring his shoulders, as though about to hold forth to one of his imaginary audiences, "would it make any difference regarding my case if the Court was informed of my politics?"

The Court looked at Mr. Brown in astonishment.

"Hurrah for the Little Giant!" shouted Mr. Brown, with a keen look at the Court to notice the effect of the announcement.

"Two months in the House of Industry," the Court said, mildly.

Mr. Brown thought he was on the wrong track. He changed instantly.

"Hurrah for Lincoln and Hamlin!" he shouted as loud as ever.

"Two months," repeated the Court, not moved the slightest by the cheer.

"Sold again," muttered Mr. Brown. "Only one more chance," and then he shouted: "Hurrah for Bell and Everett, and d—d if I try again if we never have a President!"

"Take him away," said the Court, "and stop his noise."

"This is a mean, one-horse town," muttered Mr. Brown. "One such a yell as I gave would have set me free in New York, and the honor of drinking brandy with half a dozen of the Aldermen. This is not the city for a man of genius."

If either of the great political parties want Mr. Brown, he can be found without much trouble.

☞ An editor apologises for a delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to this week.

Question for a Glazier.—If a young lady has a *pain* in her side can she relieve it by wearing a *sash*?

BROTHER CRAWFORD'S SERMON

A Southern exchange gives this as the first sermon of a new minister in a village in those parts:—

He began apologatically as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I s'lute wear; I come among you as a stranger, and I am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming before strangers."

After this, he raised a hymn, which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon:

My dear brethren and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sarmont, as I came down outen the pulpit, the old gray-headed brethren and sisters who listened to my voice twenty years, crowded around me, and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, tricked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gewgaws, jimcracks, paint and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with their rosy lips—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The young men in their tight patent-leather boots, high collars and dashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and cigar-smoke—with shanghai coats, and striped zebra pants—they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and, with one accord, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

The colored brethren of the congregation now came forward—(black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry), with tears rolling down their sable cheeks, they, too, said—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached for more'n twenty years—and as I gazed at its dilapidated wall and moss-covered roof—it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I rode down through the village, the people who poked their heads outen the winders, and the servants who leant on their brooms, all seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree-tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over its pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

As I rode along down a hot, dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a suddent, with a loud broo-too, broo-too—she, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

My horse, he got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back—kicked up his heels, and ran off—he, too, seemed to say—*Farewell, Brother Crafford!*

Mrs. Partington.—"Don't act so Isaac, dear!" said Mrs. P——, as Ike was raising particular about the kitchen, and throwing everything into confusion in a vain attempt to find a ball. "People by-'n-by will say you are non pompous mantis, as they did about poor Mr. Smith. The doctor says you are of the rebellious sanguinary temperature, and heaven knows what you would do if it should have a tendency to the head—perhaps you'd die of suggestion of the brain." Ike jumped down from the table, on which he had left the prints of the nails of his shoes, and went out—and the good dame shook her head mournfully as she saw him clambering over a fence and high shed, when he could just as well have gone out at the gate.

Cool.—Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preserver of his game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighboring wood; he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer, with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expression by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's warmth was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what he would do if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. "I would ask him in to luncheon," was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

"Prepared."—Archie's minister visited him in his last illness. "Archie," said the minister, "do ye ken you're in a very dangerous state?" "I ken that," quo' Archie, "but I'm no fear'd to dee." "I'm happy, Archie, you are so well prepared." "Oh! aye, sir," said Archie, "I feel unco' satisfied, for I've been all my days an awfu' hater o' guid warks."

The Days of the Week.—The following is a pretty version of a certain Devonshire superstition, which, from its language, appears to be connected with the North:—

Monday's Bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's Bairn is full of grace;
Wednesday's Bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's Bairn has far to go;
Friday's Bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's Bairn works hard for his living;
But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day,
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

Why the Fingers Are Not of Equal Length.—A master, in illustration of this question, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of his fingers are equal. It would have been better (says Sir Charles Bell) had he closed his fingers upon the palm, and then asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the form of the hand and fingers of different purposes—as, for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen or pencil, engraving tools, &c.—in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.

CRINOLINE FOREVER—A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

A Slight Mistake.—When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence, and went to live in Leicester Place, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who, she felt certain, was a poor, mad gentleman, "because," she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat before a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap bubbles through a common clay pipe, which he intently watches floating about until they burst. He is, doubtless, now at his favorite amusement, for it is a fine day; do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled, and they went up stairs, when, after looking through the staircase window into the adjoining courtyard, he turned and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble."

What is Conscience?—"The very last page Theodore Parker's busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, 'no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.' 'A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home.' A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when 'a voice said it is wrong.' I stood with a lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said:—'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide.'"—*Wendell Philips.*

Love Without Love.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love.

Old Newspapers.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; the most interesting reading imaginable, is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age with all its genius, and its spirit, more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed, is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertised his medicines, and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients—the merchant his ships—and the actor, who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble; for, like wine, their value increases with their age.

Scriptural Name for a Dog.—A gentleman travelling in a section of country which shall be nameless, stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal. The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Moreover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," said the pious old lady, "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible." "Found it in the Bible?" quoth the gentleman. "Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "'Moreover the dog came and licked his sores.' There," said she, triumphantly, "have I not the highest authority for the name?"

Breton Girls and their Dowry.—The authors of "Wandering in Brittany" give the following illustration of thoughtful care for the wants of marriageable young men. "The peasantry round Joselin retain their old dresses and customs in perfection; the girls, especially, have a habit that would save much trouble were it introduced into more civilized circles. They appear on *fete* days in red under petticoats, with white or yellow borders round them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs per year. Thus any young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn in an instant what amount of rent accompanies it."

Agricultural.

Stock Pays all the Time.—The heading of this article, says the Valley Farmer, was the remark of an old farmer the other day, while deploring the failure of his wheat crop. One year the wheat fails, another year the oats fail, another year the corn: but, said he, "Stock pays all the time." He moreover, remarked, that the farmers who early gave their attention to stock-raising, had gone right along without set-backs, and had outstripped the grain-growers.

There is no doubt much truth in the old man's remarks. Stock is the surest and most remunerative. But in sickly settled regions it is better and safer to diversify the interest between the two. The two assist each other and improve the farm. Waste straw, and offal of the grain crop, will go far to feed the stock, while the waste and offal of the stock will go far in fertilizing the soil and improving the capacity for productiveness. The strength of the soil is a greater desideratum with the farmer. The soil is his mine of wealth—his treasury—his bank of deposit. He must keep it good, or his paper is protested; his reputation as a farmer is dishonored.

It is well to keep a variety of stock, as well as raise a variety of grain crops. The general profits of each year are thus kept nearly equal. Farming may be done closer, less wasted and more made.

Pasturing Horses.—"The spring grass is the best physic that can be given to a horse. To a degree which no artificial aperient or diuretic can reach, it carries off every humor that may be lurking about the animal. It fines down the roundness of the legs, and except there be some bony enlargement, restores them to their original strength. There is nothing so refreshing to their feet as the damp coolness of the grass into which they are turned, and nothing is so calculated to remove every enlargement or sprain, as the gentle exercise which the animal voluntarily takes while his legs are exposed to the cooling process of evaporation that is taking place from the herbage on which he treads. The experience of ages has shown that it is the most skillful of veterinarians. It is the renovating process of nature where the art of man fails."

Transporting Bees.—A correspondent of the N. E. Farmer gives the following directions for transporting bees: "Spread down a sheet, and set the hive on it; then bring up the corners and tie over the top, or invert the hive, and put over the bottom a piece of muslin eighteen inches square, fastened at the corners with carpet tacks. A wagon with éliptic springs is best for conveying them. In all cases, the common box hive should be bottom up, to avoid breaking combs. When moved late in the season, they should be set several feet apart."

Insects—Chermes.—The currant is subject to a curl or thickening of the leaf in spring, produced by a minute insect called *chermes*. I have found that by applying air-slaked lime around the bushes early in the spring, I have entirely succeeded in keeping off this pest. I have also for some years applied spent tan bark around the gooseberry, (Houghton's Seedling,) with marked effect, in staying the ravages of the gooseberry worm.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

Preserving Indian Corn.—The prairie farmers of the West preserve their Indian corn in the ear, without the loss of a single grain from heat and moisture, by piling it up in common fence-rail cribs about 11 feet square and 9 feet high, the mass being rounded off at the top and exposed to the weather. Covered cribs are found to be ruinous to the grain, as experience has amply proved. So what would seem to be a shiftless style of husbandry, is the result of skillful experiment.

An Injurious Fertilizer.—Very severe prohibitions have been issued in France, England, and Germany, against the use of poudrette imperfectly prepared, it having been proven by careful experiments that the fecal matter of sinks cannot be converted with safety into garden manure under five years' careful preparation.

Pestilential and other diseases are propagated by vegetables grown in soil thus manured. Yet, it is stated that these death-dispensing deposits are absolutely used in the market gardens around our large American cities in their natural state, and many of the fruits and vegetables so grown can be told by the nostrils or the taste before they are cooked, and in the process of cooking.

It is the opinion of skillful medical observers, that nearly all the novel diseases which now afflict many American cities, owe their origin to the organic diseased matter taken up by vegetables and fruits grown in soil dressed by fecal matter of sinks, and transferred to the stomach. Galloping consumption in persons whose families have never been subject to this terrible disease have been traced to the use of vegetables grown by poudrette. This is only one instance out of a thousand.

Increasing Fecundity in Domestic Animals.—The Ohio Farmer says that the English are devoting much attention to this, particularly as regards sheep, endeavoring to have the ewes lamb twice a year and bring twins every time, and it thus alludes to the famous Chinese sheep which made some stir here some four years ago; (what the reason is we now hear nothing of them we do not know:) In their live stock, the Chinese have especially studied fecundity, early maturity and aptitude. Their sheep are very prolific, three of them were imported into London, and placed in the London gardens, and the increase of lambs was so great that they became a nuisance. One ewe had five lambs, another four, and another three. In the United States, Captain Theodore Smith began with the Chinese sheep, in 1854, and in eighteen months he had an increase of seventy-four, one of the ewes having had twelve lambs in fifteen months. He states that the sheep are large and handsome, and the mutton of superior delicacy.

For Kicking Cows.—Take a short strap and fasten the ends together. Next prepare a pin of some soft wood, about six or eight inches long, one and a half inches in diameter. Take the cow by the off fore leg, and double it at the knee joint close; pass the strap or loop over the knee, pressing it back until you can insert the pin between that and the knee-joint, and she cannot kick.

Cure for the Scratches.—Take fresh slaked lime, and dust the affected parts well with it twice a day. It will not cause the horse any uneasiness, and will be sure to effect a cure in a few days.

Useful Receipts.

To Clean Paint that is Not Varnished.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new, and, without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

To Restore Scorched Linen.—If linen has been scorched in ironing, and the mark has not gone entirely through, so as to damage the texture, it may be removed by the following process:—Take two onions, peel them, slice them, and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding; then cut up half an ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well; then spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, and let it dry on. Afterwards wash out the linen.

To Soften Old Putty.—In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty that sticks round the glass and its frame. Dip a small brush in a little nitre or muriatic acid—to be obtained at the druggists—and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

Softening Hard Water.—Some twenty years ago, a well was dug twenty feet deep, on the Cottage Hill Farm, near Ravenna, Ohio. It contained eight feet of water—after being stoned—the earth about which was blue clay, and the water was very hard. The serious defect was cured entirely, and the water softened permanently by putting into the well about four feet of gravel of the size of beans and upwards.

Copying Paper.—I noticed an inquiry for making paper to take the impressions of leaves, &c. As I have the recipe for manufacture, I can give the desired information:—To make black paper, lampblack, mixed with cold lard; red paper, Venetian red, mixed with lard; green paper, chrome green, mixed with sweet oil; blue paper, Prussian blue, mixed with lard.

The above is to be mixed to the consistency of thick paste, and to be applied to the paper with a rag. Then take a flannel rag and rub till all color ceases coming off, excepting the green paper, which must be pressed between sheets of white paper for ten hours. Use thin printing paper.

Directions for writing with this paper:—Lay down your paper upon which you wish to write; then lay on the copying paper, and over this any scrap of paper you choose; then take any hardpointed substance and write as with a pen. For taking impressions of leaves, lay the leaf on the copying paper, over this any scrap of paper, and rub to get the leaf coated with the color; then lay the leaf on white paper, and rub as before.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 11, 23, 15, 19, is a country in Asia.
My 2, 24, 27, is a useful insect.
My 3, 18, 22, 16, 9, 30, is a county in New Jersey.
My 4, 15, 5, is one of the four elements.
My 5, 24, 29, 31, is what we all should do.
My 6, 11, 12, is a conjunction.
My 7, 24, 9, is one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
My 8, 25, 29, 15, 30, is a country in Europe.
My 9, 16, 20, 28, 24, is a river in Missouri.
My 10, 21, 31, 5, 24, is the name of a British officer in the Revolutionary war.
My 11, 15, 21, 27, is one of the nine digits.
My 12, 9, 28, is one of the quadrupeds.
My 13, 7, 15, 16, 26, 19, is the name of an old prophet.
My 14, 15, 24, is what some men often do.
My 15, 8, 24, 5, is a river in Germany.
My 16, 19, 21, 31, is plenty along the sea shore.
My 17, 15, 8, is a personal pronoun.
My 18, 3, 28, 9, 8, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 19, 28, 33, is a title given to a chief officer.
My 20, 25, 9, 7, 14, 19, is the god of poetry, music and medicine.
My 21, 18, 30, is a woman devoted to a religious life.
My 22, 18, 2, 7, 15, 21, is a city in Ireland.
My 23, 15, 11, 29, is the name of one of Columbus's ships.
My 24, 29, 28, 14, 27, is a destructive bird.
My 25, 27, 4, 5, is a fruit.
My 26, 29, 11, 22, a useful member of the body.
My 27, 31, is my nickname.
My 28, 37, 8, is a useful invention.
My 29, 21, 15, 2, 18, is a river in Brazil, South America.
My 30, 33, 2, 9, 2, is a name given to a man of great wealth.
My 31, 25, 10, 14, is an irregular verb.
My 32, 37, 23, 4, 30, is a sea east of the Japan Empire.
My 33, 28, 16, 15, 21, is an adverb.
My 34, 24, 11, is a much used article.
My 35, 9, 21, 9, 5, is always appreciated.
My 36, 30, 22, 15, 28, 9, is an article used by washerwomen.
My 37, 5, 16, 2, 15, 29, 21, is a sea south of Africa.

My whole is a verse in the fifth chapter of 2nd Samuel.

E. C. ROMINE.

Stockton, N. J.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Where did a King ingloriously fall,
By piece of millstone cast from fortress wall?
Who planned the massacre of all the Jews?
And sought the power the King did not refuse?
Who built a splendid city on a hill?
What prophet did Jehoiachin kill?
When Ammon fell where did his brother flee?
Who, Israel's first Judge, did set them free?
Where was a Hebrew by his brethren sold?
Whom brother of the altar's horns caught hold?
What Judge left-handed set the Hebrews free?
Who peopled first the shores of the Dead Sea?
What Hebrew King the warlike [illegible] first employed?
Who born at Lystra, pious [illegible] enjoyed?
What Moabitish King in [illegible] fair
Did wickedly sacrifice his son as [illegible]?
From whom did Jeremiah fa[illegible]?
When is the queen cruelly [illegible]?

The initials when discovered will agree
To form a most important truth you'll see.

☞ An answer is requested.

LAVINIA.

CHARADE.

My number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten, told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers standing on a perfectly level plain, one of which is 24 feet higher than the other. Between the towers, in a line with them, and equally distant from the base of each, is a spring. Now a rope 100 feet long will just reach from the spring to the top of the lower tower; and a rope exactly 115 feet in length is just sufficient to reach from the spring to the top of the higher tower. Required the height of each tower and their distance apart?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The height of a pole, its mean diameter, and the number of coils of rope required to wrap it closely around from top to bottom being given. How far must a man walk to unwind it?

Fort Wayne, Ind. J. W. N.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? Ans.—Ball.

☞ Why is sunshine never required? Ans.—Because it is never mist.

☞ Why should no man starve on the deserts of Arabia? Ans.—Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.

☞ How came the sandwiches there? Ans.—The tribe of Ham was bred there, and mustered.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railway Company. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Eratosthenes. CHARADE—Trade-wind. PROBLEM—Garden is 30 by 30 yards; Pond is 6, 8, and 10 yards.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Philip, Rebecca, Achan, Young, Window, Ishmael, Tekoah, Hannah, Omri, Uzziah, Taberah, Caleb, Esau, Amariah, Saul, Isaac, Nathaniel, Gibeon.—"Pray without ceasing."

Washington, Pa. WM. BURTON.

☞ We like a spirit of compromise; but no man should ever compromise his friend or himself.

☞ An Inspiring Sight for a Glazier:—The early dawn, when it breaks in the windows.

☞ "Raising the Wind" is now denominated more classically, "exciting the financial Æolus."